

Olivier's Longest Role, by Joseph Sobran

NATIONAL REVIEW

HIGH NOON FOR NEWT

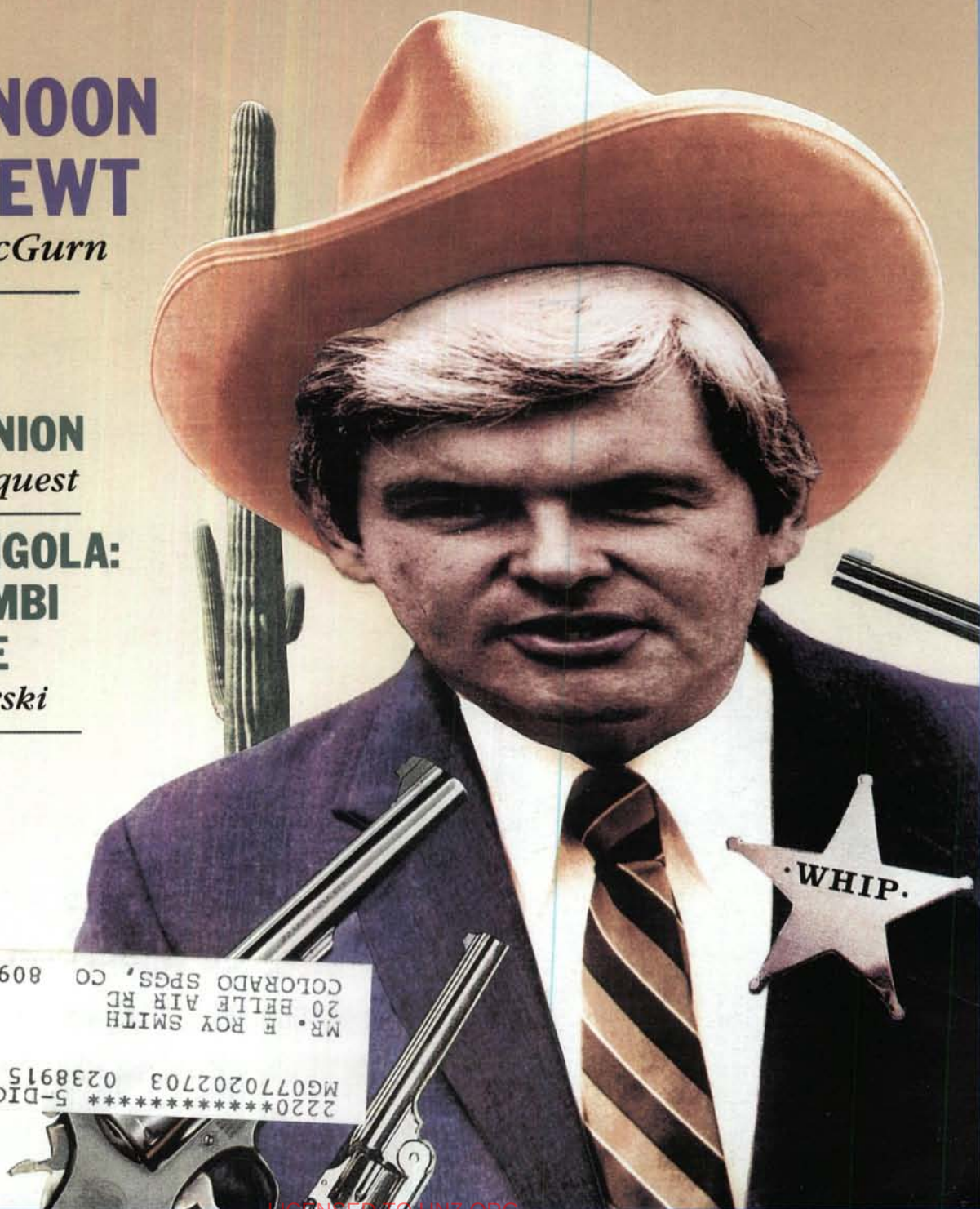
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RETURN TO THE SOVIET UNION

Robert Conquest

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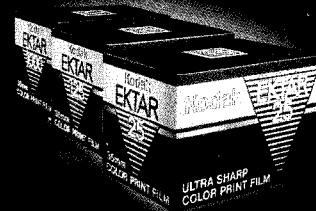
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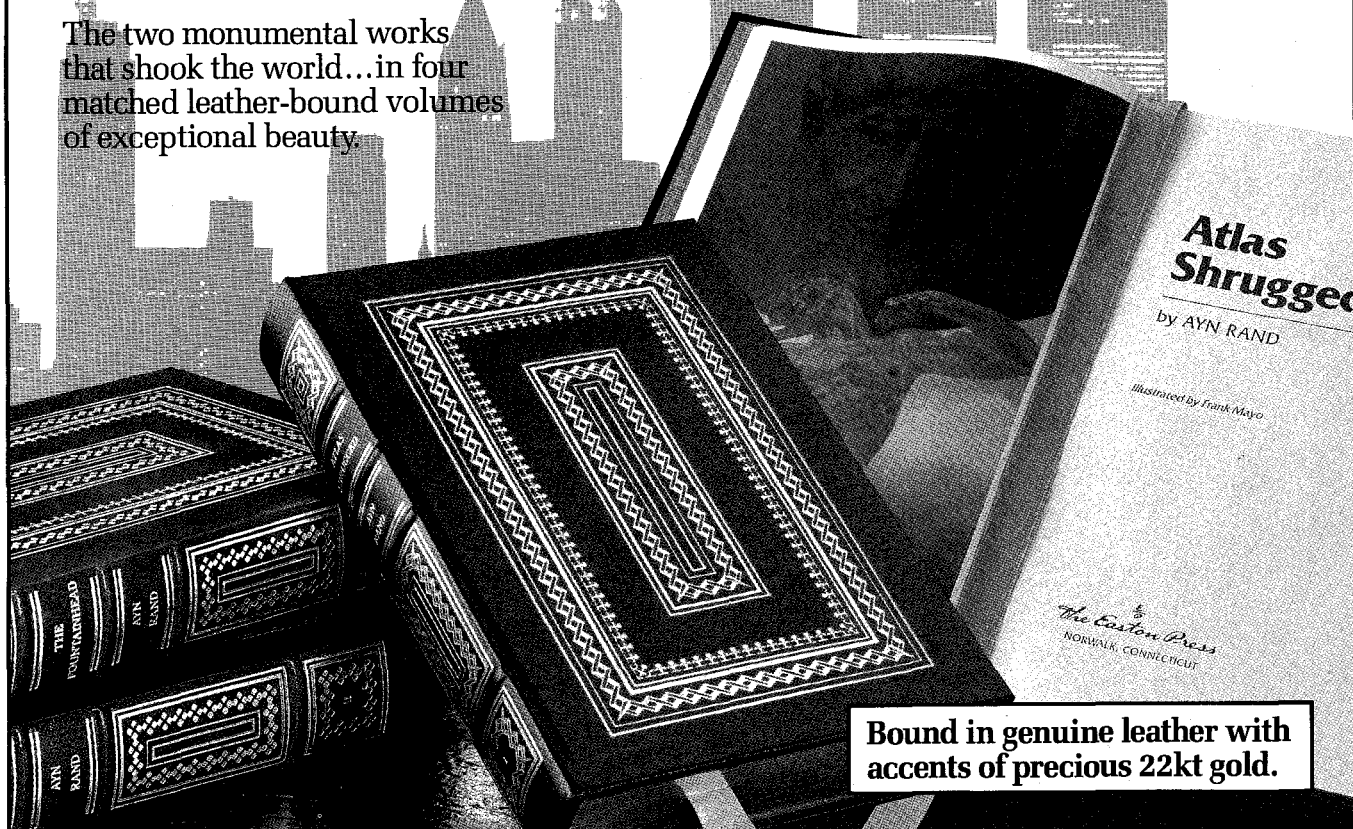


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NATIONAL REVIEW



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BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE

21 High Noon for Newt

The new Minority Whip is not only one of the better hopes for the future of the GOP, he's also its number-one optimist—despite being the favorite target of press and Democrats alike for his part in bringing down the House that Wright built.

William McGurn



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ARTICLES

17 On the Scene

The Supreme Court ruled that union members don't have to pay dues toward labor bosses' pet political causes; but, reports Susan Mandel, the legislative battle to enforce the ruling has just begun. . . . Despite the changes *inside* the USSR, John Reed notes that Soviet espionage is more active than ever. . . . According to Thomas Short, the top social-justice initiative on campus—official victim status for minorities—leads inexorably to thought control. . . . Brian Crozier looks at the western-Arab nations and the new Italian prime minister who hopes to appease them.

24 Back in the USSR

The world's most renowned investigator of the evils of Soviet Communism offers a firsthand report on the current situation.

Robert Conquest

30 The Gang of Rome

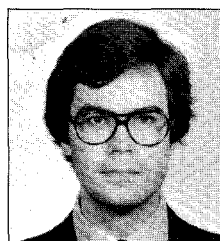
Why have the many prophecies of global starvation, exhaustion of the earth's resources, etc., failed? The doomsayers never understand that man creates more wealth than he consumes.

Ray Percival

34 The Mystique of Savimbi

Fresh from the last battle in Angola, our correspondent reports that UNITA is tactically competent and strategically well situated to prevent Communist control of this crucial African nation. But after thirty years as near-absolute leader of his party, is Jonas Savimbi the man to lead the nation to full freedom?

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. . . . Peter Brimelow finds a fresh look at an old question in Karel van Wolferen's *The Enigma of Japanese Power*, but wonders if the author really understands economics. . . . Joseph Sobran considers a few of the thousand tricks of Laurence Olivier. . . . A *cri de cœur* from John Simon: Who will rid us of this pest of a Batman? . . . The Van Cliburn International Piano Competition disappoints John Ardoin, who had hoped for more than technical proficiency. . . . D. Keith Mano ponders whether 'tis nobler to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to drop the novel-writing and scoot off to Tinseltown.

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Cover collage by Victoria Kann

Cover photo courtesy by AP/Wide World Photos

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LETTERS

Freedom's Deathtrap

John Gray's thoughtful analysis of Pope John Paul's economic and political directives ["The Last Socialist?" June 30] serves as a welcome corrective to the harsher critiques of other conservatives.

John Paul is indeed a deep thinker and a learned man. But one should not expect from his encyclicals a species of doctoral thesis on comparative economic theory. Quite naturally, those who have dedicated their life work to this field of study will find grounds for objection and disagreement on technical points, especially since it is clear that he himself, rather than some Roman economist, is the author. But one must never forget that John Paul is first and foremost a pastor, and that any criticisms he might direct at Western capitalism originate in pastoral judgment.

Ironically, in its very attempt to establish and defend individual freedom and economic prosperity for the individual, Western capitalism opens the way to very real moral dangers. I am sure the Holy Father has this in mind in his hesitancy to give his unqualified blessing to our way of life.

Cardinal Glemp of Warsaw recognized this. In a recent interview with an Italian journalist the cardinal was asked about his worries, if any, over the recent loosening up in Poland. He replied, "Certainly there are dangers. Until now there has been limited freedom in Poland; now that the restrictions are easing up, the freedom for doing wrong, for sin, also increases. These are basically the West's problems."

The ancient Christian wariness of human folly given unrestricted freedom cannot be denied. It may not be a problem for economists, but it is for a pastor like the Pope.

*Fr. Gerald A. Buckley, OP
Western Dominican Preaching
San Francisco, Calif.*

Home Out of Range

What on earth can Lord Home mean ["Appeasement in Our Time," June 2] when he asserts that "The Hurricane and Spitfire . . . arrived on the airfields for the Battle of Britain with ten days to spare, that was all"?

Easily available figures show that, to the contrary, 497 Hurricanes were deployed in no fewer than 18 squadrons

on the day Great Britain declared war on Germany, almost a year before the opening of the Battle of Britain. And the Spitfire filled nine squadrons at that time.

More generally, Lord Home follows the standard appeasers' line in asserting that Munich "did save us a year, which probably did make the difference between defeat and victory." Leaving aside the loss of the well-equipped Czech army (many of the tanks that savaged Poland, France, and Russia were actually Czech Skodas), someone should point out to his lordship that Munich also saved the Germans a year.

*Stanley Sandler
Command Historian
Department of the Army
Fort Bragg, N.C.*

Waffling in Our Time

A conservative journal should not allow Lord Home to stand unchallenged. He tells us that the Munich settlement was "right" because Chamberlain was "playing for time," and the time he bought made beating Hitler easier. Conservative opinion, and I believe the facts, would assert that Munich was dead wrong: that the time it bought made Hitler stronger.

Churchill dealt with Munich's apologists forty years ago in his war memoirs. Certainly, he wrote, Britain's defense industry developed after Munich, "but . . . Hitler's Germany was already in the third or fourth year of intense preparation on conditions of grip and drive which were almost the same as those of war. Britain had only been moving on a non-emergency basis, with a weaker impulse and on a far smaller scale."

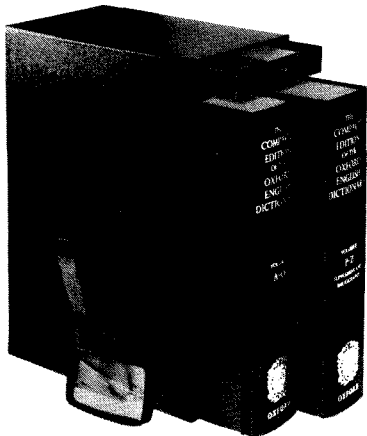
"The subjugation of Czechoslovakia," Churchill went on, "robbed the Allies of the Czech Army of 21 regular divisions, 15 or 16 second-line divisions already mobilized, and also their mountain fortress line, which, in the days of Munich, had required the deployment of . . . the main strength of the German Army."

Churchill did admit that the extra year of peace allowed Britain to replace obsolete fighters, which Lord Home suggests was Munich's central accomplishment: "There was, however, no possibility of a decisive Air Battle of Britain until the Germans had occupied France and the Low Countries, and thus obtained the necessary bases in close striking distance of our shores."

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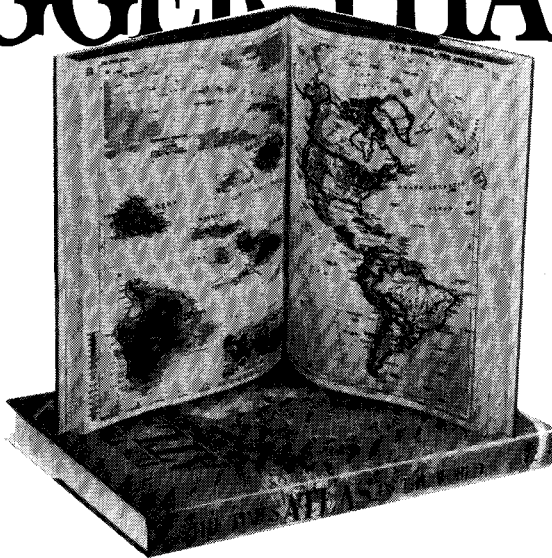
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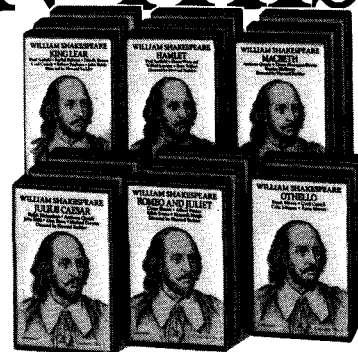
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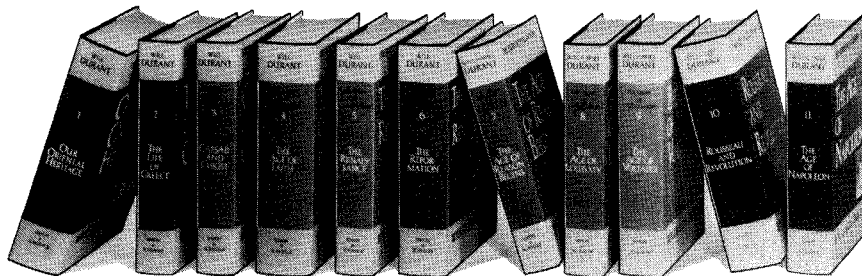
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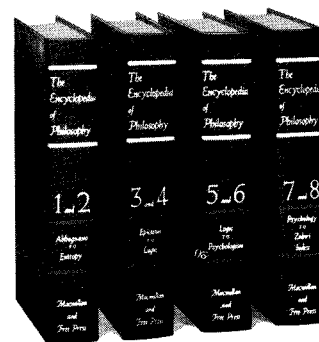
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Fifty years later in another sphere, but perhaps with even more at stake, an American President is trying to compromise and waffle his way past challenges simultaneously hopeful and perilous. "Thus we go on in strange paradox," as Churchill said, "decided only to be undecided, resolved to be irresolute, adamant for drift, solid for fluidity, all-powerful to be impotent."

Richard M. Langworth
Executive Director
The International Churchill Society
Hopkinton, N.H.

Kantian Dodge

According to your contents-page blurb on "Moral Obtuseness in America" [June 16], Hadley Arkes believes that ethics consists of "imperatives for all men in accordance with their nature." His article expounds on the summary.

If my nature tells me to kill you, should I? (My "nature," *recta ratio* included, is notoriously wicked.) If you say no, is "nature" here any more than a pseudonym for the set of rules you approve and want to impose on me? I may prefer different ones. No fair to argue that my "true" nature cannot be so wicked, or aberrant. I know it better

than you do. Why should I follow your rules if I can do otherwise? (If I can't, we needn't worry about moral rules.)

Why has my "nature" the moral authority to issue "imperatives"? Perhaps there are good arguments for what I should, or should not, do. But by granting final authority to my "nature" (defined as *you* wish) you merely disguise your moral preferences—and avoid having to argue for them. A venerable dodge in philosophy, but a dodge nevertheless. It should be retired.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Arkes Replies

Ernest van den Haag was quick to spot, in the summary supplied by the editors, language that did not appear in the text of my piece. The summary provided a link between my piece and the argument for "natural law." This is a tricky connection to establish, and I did not undertake, in my piece, to explore that complicated matter. Still, I will not disclaim the connection, for I count myself as part of that movement today to restore, to our political class, the understanding of natural rights. Kant warned us, however, against the temptation to

make our way to natural law by offering generalizations drawn from the experiences of the human species. In his own way, Ernest van den Haag has alerted us to the same trap. For all of the notable examples we may find of human beings nourishing their children, we will find persistent evidence of parents selling and destroying their offspring. If we were to take the measure of what is "human" from this mixed record, we might well be asked why we ascribed the benevolence to our "human" nature, and assigned the darker side to something lower than the human. As Mr. van den Haag rightly suggests, that would be a massive begging of the question. We would still be left with a question about the ground of judgment: Why do we count as morally better—and more congruent with our nature—the tendencies to nourish and protect and sacrifice our interests to the well-being of others?

If we had the space here, we could show that the moral propositions that claim a rightful sovereignty in our lives could be drawn from two simple points which have the force of a priori, or necessary, truths: 1) that we are, in certain decisive respects, free agents—free to make practical judgments and choose a course of action—and 2) that in governing the uses of our freedom, we have access to the laws of reason (such as the "law of contradiction"). Mr. van den Haag apparently believes that he is free not to be persuaded by my argument, and that I am free to respond to his insistence that I do better. At the same time, he is convinced that he can spot a "dodge" when he sees one. That is, he is convinced that he can tell the difference between arguments that are plausible and ones that are implausible, between true and false. I infer that he would not readily honor any claim, on my own part, that these are the arguments that I am bidden, by my nature, to cast up, and therefore that he is obliged to accept them as they are offered. He would no doubt insist on holding me to a more demanding standard, and when he does that, I would suggest that he is appealing to nothing less than the "laws of reason." Mr. van den Haag has offered, then, some modest but telling concessions about the faculties encompassed by his own argumentative "nature." And from those modest points, we can extract some compelling moral principles that do not depend, for their truth, on the "preferences" of Mr. van den Haag, or the conventions adopted by a majority in any place.

Hadley Arkes
Amherst, Mass.



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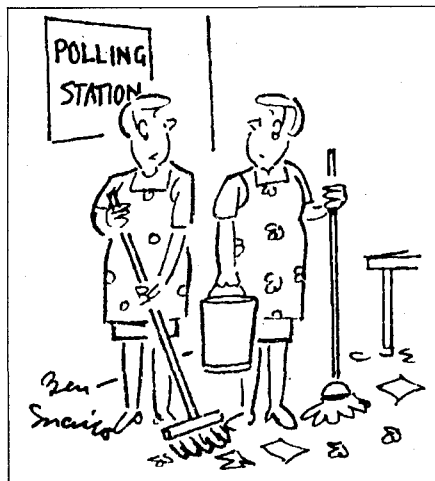


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FOR THE RECORD

First poll on *Webster* abortion decision (*Los Angeles Times*, July 3) favored it, 47 to 40 per cent. Three days later, *Newsweek/Gallup* showed opinion reversal: 51 to 37 per cent against decision to restore to states leeway on abortion legislation. . . . Not surprising. By Friday, July 7, says **Roger Craver**, head of a major Falls Church, Va., direct-mail firm, his organization had put ten million pieces of pro-abortion literature into the mail. Craver's firm was hired by pro-abortion Gang of Four: NARAL (National Abortion Rights Action League), Planned Parenthood, NOW (National Organization for Women), and ACLU. . . . At NOW convention in Cincinnati, **Molly Yard** led her troops into left field with calls for lesbian rights, a new political party, "gender-balance laws"—half of all appointees to government boards and commissions to be women. . . . Former NOW president **Eleanor Smeal** admitted these proposals might strike people as "stupid, naïve, weird," but, she said, only through provocative proposals will women win full equality. . . . Court came under fire at NAACP convention, where **Benjamin Hooks** commented: "The Supreme Court seems to be hellbent on destroying the few gains minorities and women have made in this century" and called the Justices (five of them, anyway) "a bunch of plunderers who subvert the Constitution." . . . In New Jersey, Republican gubernatorial candidate **Jim Courter**, a pro-lifer until July 3, started waffling on his anti-abortion commitment July 4, told *Bergen Record* that abortion "has never been on the top of my agenda." Which has run him afoul of **John Tomicki**, executive director of New Jersey Right to Life movement. The New Jersey governor's race, says Tomicki, "is the crossroads of the revolution." . . . In Connecticut another political revolution was concluded last week when **Lowell Weicker's** handpicked Republican state chairman, **Robert Polinar**, chose not



"Are the Greens staying behind to clear things up?"

to run again. He has been replaced by conservative State Rep. **Dick Foley**, who has appointed **George Krivda** as executive director of party. *Human Events* describes Krivda as "the Lee Atwater of Connecticut."

George Bush approval rating post economic summit, Eastern Europe trip, was 66 to 67 per cent across the board in national polls, only 51 per cent in Taxachusetts. . . . With **Michael Dukakis's** Massachusetts miracle turned mirage, **Standard & Poor's** and **Moody's** have slashed the state's bond rating to second lowest in nation. . . . **Grant Thornton**, an accounting and management consulting firm in Boston, finds Delaware has the most attractive manufacturing climate in the nation (supportive government policies, skilled labor force), followed by Virginia (relatively low labor costs, favorable government fiscal policies) and New Hampshire (lowest tax burden on its citizens).

Past anniversaries of Sandinista victory over **Somoza** were attended by important figures, including leading lights of the Socialist International. For the

tenth anniversary, the only high-ranking official delegates were from North Korea and Vietnam. Highest-ranking Soviet was **Aleksandr Vlasov**, identified as a candidate member of the Politburo. . . . **Fidel Castro** was a no-show, perhaps still stunned by the desertion of one of his longest-standing U.S. supporters, **Saul Landau** of Institute for Policy Studies. In astonishing piece in recent *Mother Jones*, Landau suggested to Castro that time had come for him to remove himself from the scene. . . . In conjunction with anniversary festivities in Managua, **Daniel Ortega** unveiled new press laws which permit Interior Ministry to shut down publications for three editions, and to suspend radio broadcasts for four days. Privately owned TV stations are banned under the laws, proclaimed just seven months prior to Nicaragua's February elections. . . . Interested parties in Panama lofting reports that CIA is planning assassination of General **Noriega**. Scoop is that members of Noriega's inner circle—who have been stashing funds away in foreign banks—are planting rumor to cover their own possible coup *cum* assassination of Panamanian strongman. . . . It wasn't until July 20, 1989, twenty years after the event, that Soviet TV viewers were permitted to see **Neil Armstrong** step on the lunar surface. . . . Diplomats in India, where government runs TV and radio, say very little of the events of Tiananmen Square was covered by **Rajiv Gandhi's** press minions.

In addition to regular 12-week fall session of **Stan Evans's** National Journalism Center in Washington, D.C., the Center this year will offer a limited number of fellowships in economic journalism (budget, taxes, energy, health care, banking, etc.). For info on either, contact Evans, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline**, 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

With the death toll on Indian roads reaching forty thousand a year—most in trucking accidents—**Indian Central Road Research Institute** has recommended that Indian truckdrivers take written tests for their driving licenses. Recommendation followed revelation that 99 per cent of India's truckdrivers can't read or identify traffic signs.

THE WEEK

□ The FDA, with nothing better to do and, by its own account, not enough money to do it with, has banned the sale of over-the-counter aphrodisiacs, on the grounds that they have not been shown to work. We can't wait to see the laboratory tests on this one.

□ Michael Dukakis has been a spectacular failure in American politics. Once the Republicans smoked out his Horton/Pledge liberalism, his 17-point July lead vanished. Last year, he tried to run on "competence." Today he has a 70 per cent "unfavorable" rating in Massachusetts, where he cooked the books to make it seem the budget was balanced. Now he has slashed spending and pleads for new taxes. The Massachusetts bond rating has sunk to 49th, edging only deadbeat Louisiana. Dukakis was a "neo-liberal," a "problem solver." Yeah. The neo-liberal category is ready for Madame Tussaud's. We wonder what "incompetence" would look like.

□ HOUSE DEMOCRATS IN THE NEWS. It transpires that Gus Savage (D., Ill.), during a March visit to Zaire, spent two hours on an attempted whatchamacallit on a 28-year-old Peace Corps volunteer. The woman says she had to repel his advances, with physical resistance, just short of hurting him. Afterward she was medically evacuated back to the U.S., where she underwent six weeks of a therapy program for victims of sexual assaults. The incident was hushed up at the time, but the U.S. ambassador, William Harrop, reportedly chewed Savage out for his conduct. Questioned by a reporter, Savage (who is black) said angrily, "Why

don't you ask me about economic-development projects? . . . Ask me the same kind of questions you ask white congressmen." Okay, Gus: Is it true you chase little boys?

□ Hollywood has just about milked the Nazi menace dry, what with octogenarian dentists (*Marathon Man*) and cloned Hitler brats (*The Boys from Brazil*). But who could succeed the Third Reich as all-purpose villain? Why, South Africa—of course! So in *Lethal Weapon 2*, the black-white cop team of Danny Glover and Mel Gibson take on an Afrikaner drug-running ring that uses diplomatic immunity as a cover. Needless to say, anyone who practices apartheid will not scruple to lie, smuggle, terrorize, betray, torture, and murder, all of which the film's baddies do, while speaking in sinister foreign accents and sneering mirthlessly at everything decent. It's trendy, state-of-the-art hatemongering, calculated to make you cheer when Gibson slams car doors on people's heads. The film has already set box-office records.

□ The Seabrook nuclear power plant in Seabrook, New Hampshire, started up its reactors on June 13, after more than 12 years of protest and expensive litigation. A "Clamshell Alliance" of protestors picketed it, lawsuits and regulatory disputes tied it up, Michael Dukakis put his ambitions in its way, and the electric bills in New Hampshire mounted. Eventually, then-Governor John Sununu was forced to choose between importing energy from Canada, and facing brownouts at freezing temperatures. The Seabrook plant was scheduled to open in 1979. It is opening in 1989, ten years and millions of dollars later.

I Love an Explosion

There is something therapeutic
When a pressure cooker blows
And the *splat* leaves chicken sticking
To the ceiling and your nose,
So as Polish peasants smolder
While the Russian miners strike,
A ka-BOOM that reaches Moscow
Is (I'm sorry!) what I'd like.

W. H. VON DREELE

□ The general counsel to People for the American Way threatens to huff and puff and blow our house down if we fail to retract our editorial paragraph to the effect that, along with forty other organizations that mobilized against the confirmation of Judge Bork for the Supreme Court, People stood to lose its tax exemption. The *Wall Street Journal*, on which we relied, erred: People has procreated something called People for the American Way Action Fund to lobby Congress and carefully directs money to one or the other organization according to whether it seeks to subvert the ideals of the Republic with tax-deductible

money (just plain People), or with non-tax-deductible money (People Action Fund).

□ It was fun while it lasted, but *The Morton Downey Jr. Show* is leaving the airwaves after only 15 months in syndication. Ratings were down, advertisers were defecting, and 47 of the 71 stations that carried the show had decided not to renew next year. Too bad. Mort did more than anyone else on TV to broaden the exercise of our First Amendment rights. The trouble was that you never knew when someone was going to exercise his Second Amendment rights too.

□ The Environmental Protection Agency sends companies forms to fill out on how much toxic waste they are dumping or whatever. Then it tells them whether or not they are in compliance with filling out the forms correctly. You know federal forms. And so, evidently, does the EPA. On a single day, it assessed \$4 million in fines for forms it deemed incorrectly filled out. A growth industry if we ever saw one.

□ A recent report on the toleration of Christianity in China informs us that there is there a government organ called the Chinese Catholic Patriotic Association. One of its tasks is to help uncover non-government units of the Catholic Church, catacomb churches. When discovered, their services are broken up by plain clothes police, on the grounds that they are operating as "unregistered" churches. These, presumably, are churches that superordinate God over the Chinese Communist government. But hear this. Evidently the post-June 4 events in China have made the government desperate to put on a better face where it can, and it is now held to be just possible that legitimate Catholic churches—as also, one assumes, Protestant churches—might be extended that cautious legitimacy recently given them in the Soviet Union. Who knows? But there are an estimated twenty to fifty million Christians in China, who have a great deal to pray over.

□ We'll bet the First Amendment absolutists would not regard torching abortion mills as constitutionally protected "symbolic speech."

□ Mr. Mike Tyson, the heavyweight boxing champion of the world, advises that "the best punch I've ever thrown in my life" sent his then-wife, actress Robin Givens, flying, "hitting every wall in the apartment." Have you thought about a government job, Mr. Tyson?

□ It may be an index of our national decadence that Molly Yard could probably walk through Salem, Massachusetts, unscathed.

□ The French are trying to sell us a gourmet pre-cooked cubical egg.

□ One Paul St. Paul is lobbying to change our national anthem, which isn't the worst idea in the world, to "Do Wah Diddy," which is. For the flavor, it begins: "There she goes, just a-walking down the street, singing 'Do-wah-diddy diddy dum diddy doo.'"

Gorbachev, Freedom Fighter

TO HEAR his admirers tell it—to hear him, in certain moods, telling it himself—the most fervent anti-Communist in the world today is Mikhail Gorbachev. In a Paris press conference early in July he foresaw a "process of democratization" sweeping Eastern Europe, and admitted incidentally that as a boy he had been baptized a Christian. Later, as strikes swept Siberian and Ukrainian coal mines, he went on television to proclaim his solidarity with the miners, and declared privately that *perestroika* "means profound changes in attitudes toward property, the status of the individual, the basics of the political system and the spiritual realm . . . [I]f it transforms the people into a real force of change in society, then how can all of this take place quietly and smoothly?" During their centuries of segregation, European Jews cherished a folk fantasy that the Pope was a secret Jew. Could Gorbachev be the equivalent of a Jewish Pope—a non-Communist president of the Soviet Union?

Approaching the question coolly—which, we may be sure, is the way Gorbachev does—we note that each bold statement or gesture comes with some qualification: not enough to make the headlines, perhaps, but there nonetheless. In his comments on Eastern Europe, Gorbachev went on to say that changes should take place in a "socialist framework." His warm words for the miners constituted a maneuver that had two purposes: to use the strikes as a stick with which to beat his hard-line opponents ("the cadres," he noted, "need renewal"), and to co-opt strike sentiment before it spread to steel factories or, heaven help him, resulted in the establishment of Solidarity-type labor unions.

Gorbachev understands that the Soviet economic system must change if it is to survive. (As a socialist, he suffers a serious handicap in his ability to visualize superior alternatives.) He understands, much more sure-

The Worst of Times

As tattletales rat in the night
And Deng impersonates Snow White
For Bush and Baker, Hong Kong sweats
About tomorrows like Tibet's.

W. H. VON DREELE

ly, that the system must *appear* to be changing. He wants all these changes, however, to be managed within the limits of socialism, and under the oversight of a reformed Party, which is to say, of himself. "If we can bring people back into the socialist system instead of alienating them," as he said in Paris, "we can give socialism a second wind." When challenges to the principle of Party rule have appeared, as in certain of the ethnic demonstrations, they have been brutally suppressed. Georgian nationalists in Tbilisi this spring were nerve-gassed.

Gorbachev is not unlike the reforming despots who were relatively common in late-eighteenth-century Europe. They were simultaneously modernizers and centralizers. They were also failures. Gorbachev's sense of theater is immeasurably superior to Louis XVI's; hence his fate is bound to be more pleasant. Whether he will be any more successful than Catherine the Great or Joseph II, however, is dubious.

About that baptism: Raisa Gorbachev told reporters that she too had been baptized as a child, but added that she and Mikhail had not baptized their daughter Irina. "Times," she explained, "have changed."

George Bush: What I Did On My Summer Vacation

PRESIDENT BUSH'S first significant exercise of summitry came in two parts: the raid on Gorbachev's backyard, which took him to Warsaw and Budapest; followed by the Bastille Day conclave of the Group of Seven. The annual Group of Seven meetings, a legacy of the Nixon years, are boring when they are not mischievous: existing to provide the leaders involved with an aura of worldly wisdom; to create power photo-ops; and to enable the senior grades of the various foreign services to network in plush and pleasant surroundings. This time, everyone got to watch tricolored fireworks as well. The first leg of Bush's tour was more obviously important, for Poland and Hungary have begun to engage in political processes that haven't been seen in Eastern Europe since the defenestration of Masaryk.

Yet the two parts of Bush's trip were related by an underlying theme of European unity—ending what Bush called "the cruel and unnatural division" of the Continent. Bush wants unity. So does Gorbachev. So does Europe. The difficulty is that they all want it in different ways.

Bush pushed unity and freedom. If these are the terms of unity, clearly the eastern half of the continent needs remedial work. Bush spoke with a fine sense of the crisis of Communism. He held Gorbachev to his statements that nations are free to choose socialism or capitalism, and he made it clear that arms reductions must proceed "in parallel" with political loosening.

He also made a point of politely distinguishing his notion of unity from Gorbachev's, which is that of a "common European home." Gorbachev's definition implicitly includes Moscow, which is west of the Urals (and also implicitly excludes Washington, which is west of the Atlantic). It also downplays freedom. Home is home no matter how it's ruled.

The question is, What sort of unity does Europe want? The answer seems to be Babel. Britain, so long as Margaret Thatcher rules it, sees eye to eye with the United States. Mitterrand's France has also generally stood with us—always excepting Mitterrand's obsession with the Third World. The question within the question is West Germany. In the years since the INF treaty, Helmut Kohl has become Willy Brandt II. Kohl may be neither intelligent nor brave, but he is at least shrewd. His eagerness to be courted by Gorbachev, and to fuel the Soviet economy, reflects a perception that there is a considerable popular willingness in Germany to go this route.

The joint political declaration of the Group of Seven finessed these tensions. On the one hand, for Bush's sake, it acknowledged that "for the foreseeable future, there is no alternative . . . to maintaining a strategy of deterrence." Keep your powder dry, lads. On the other hand, for Kohl's sake, it "recommit[ted]" the Group "to the urgent pursuit of . . . a conventional-forces balance in Europe at the lowest possible level consistent with our security requirements, and a substantial reduction in Soviet and American strategic nuclear arms." No talk of proceeding "in parallel." Don't keep your powder too dry.

Some thoughts come to mind, which ought to come to Bush's. It is all very well to brandish the stick of linkage—no Hungarian parliament, no troop withdrawals. But once the hopes for peace and profit are stimulated, they become difficult to turn on and off at will. Especially when your opposite number is a bluffer as bold as Gorbachev. The very rhetoric of unity—even when it is coupled with freedom—exacerbates the problem. It is also inaccurate. European disunity is, historically, far more natural. Why encourage chimeras?

Not Now, Mr. President

With Stealth and HUD and S&Ls
And SDI and funny smells
From Ginnie Maes and Third World loans
And catastrophic surtax groans
And Gramm and Rudman looking like
Two Dutchmen fingering a dike—
Moon expeditions should, for now,
Be left to Mother Goose's cow.

W. H. VON DREELE

Do we, finally, want European unity even if it were possible? Do we want Europe to be in charge of its own destiny, united or not? Many Europeans blame us, justly, for what we did or didn't do in the peace-making that followed the two world wars. The fact remains that we wouldn't have had to make the peace if Europeans hadn't first made the wars. Twice in this century, Europe for Europeans has meant trouble for us. Let's not help to make it three times.

Ways without Means

DAN ROSTENKOWSKI, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, wants more taxes to pay for more tax breaks—tax credits for low-income workers, builders of low-income housing, employers of disadvantaged workers, financiers of mortgages and small businesses, and businesses involved in research and development. More than enough funds for such tax breaks could easily be raised by reducing the tax rate on capital gains, which would also invigorate the sagging economy by making households feel more wealthy and by making it easier for S&Ls and entrepreneurs to find needed equity capital. But the chairman says he can't finance Democratic tax breaks with this "Republican" tax break, because he doesn't believe in tax breaks.

His worry seems to be that lowering the tax on capital gains might benefit people with high incomes. Yet there is no "means test" on the tax breaks he *does* favor, with the sole exception of the earned-income tax credit. Tax breaks for builders of low-income housing may or may not benefit those with low incomes, but they unquestionably benefit builders. Tax breaks to subsidize those who buy bonds that finance mortgages and small manufacturers may or may not reach the intended beneficiaries, who need not be poor in any case. Even retaining the research-and-development tax credit, which is indeed beneficial for the entire economy, can scarcely fail to benefit affluent people who own shares in companies buying and producing scientific research. Evidently, Chairman Rostenkowski is not really bothered by the unavoidable reality that someone must always gain added wealth from *any* tax break that enables the economy to produce added wealth. Instead, he has a purely ideological aversion to a form of income perceived as typically belonging to the rich.

When Mr. Rostenkowski recanted on his brief willingness to even consider reducing the tax rate on capital gains, he confessed that he was bowing to pressure from fellow Democrats. The egalitarian liberals in his party, proven losers such as Richard Gephardt, actually believe that preventing people from earning high incomes will be a popular political issue. Yet the Ways and Means Democrats want, above all, to halve the immensely unpopular progressive surtax recently

imposed to finance catastrophic-illness insurance. That new tax, reports the *Wall Street Journal*, "has riled thousands of *upper-income* senior citizens." Mr. Rostenkowski's refusal to remedy the excessive taxation of capital gains will likewise rile millions from this same "upper-income" group, among many others. Couples facing retirement, including those with small pensions, often have to pay a huge tax on *nominal* capital gains because retirement requires selling off assets acquired through a lifetime of saving. Liberal Democrats count such one-time gains as "income," and thus conclude that a sensible capital-gains tax would benefit "the rich." We expect such muddled economics from the surviving liberal Democrats, but nonetheless expected better political sense.

Lacking the backbone to stand up to the demolition wing of his party, Rostenkowski is groping for a bunch of impossible tax schemes to make up for the vastly underestimated revenues that a lower capital-gains tax would surely yield. He wants to tax the stuffing out of two manufacturers of ozone-depleting chemicals, as though they should pay for the privilege of being put out of business, by law, in a very few more years. He also wants extra taxes on those who bought mutual life insurance, which would raise the cost of insurance retroactively, or reduce the benefits. These schemes would hurt so many little folks that they will never fly—and never raise a dime. But the political backlash will nonetheless serve the useful purpose of shortening the political careers of some gullible politicians who go along with taxing people's life insurance, or promoting layoffs at chemical companies. By contrast, nobody is hurt by a lower capital-gains tax, and everyone who saves for the future can benefit, as would the economy itself. Stubborn ideological support for a punitive tax on capital gains helped defeat both George McGovern and Jimmy Carter. With Chairman Rostenkowski's help, the egalitarian Democrats are again setting the stage for a huge Capital Gain for Republicans.

Getting High

CAN IT REALLY be two decades since Neil Armstrong set foot on the moon? It seems like only last summer; and yet what a different world it was.

In 1969 the country was still engaged in the bitter and frustrating Vietnam War. The even more interminable War on Poverty was dragging on too. John Kennedy, who had announced the moon-landing program, was a recent memory; and by an amazing irony, his last surviving brother picked Apollo's weekend to flip an Oldsmobile with a girl in it off a bridge. Richard Nixon was in the first months of his Presidency, with Spiro Agnew at his side; Ronald Reagan was governor of California. The Counterculture was at full throttle, with John Lennon, Muhammad Ali,

and Abbie Hoffman providing diversion, in and out of court. Nobody had ever heard of AIDS, or crack.

The Apollo mission gave the world a profound and almost unanimous thrill (though coverage in *Pravda* was scant). It was a genuine world-historical event, performed on schedule and witnessed simultaneously by hundreds of millions on live TV. Some who watched could remember when the automobile was a novelty and men left the earth only in balloons.

America had achieved something tremendous. It was incidental that Apollo's triumph had restored our supremacy over the Soviets in the space race; this was an achievement on behalf of all mankind, and all mankind was invited to share the moment, as all but a few cranks ecstatically did. The moment was genuinely unique, absolutely unrepeatable. Its symbolism dwarfed the landings of Columbus and Lindbergh: for the first time, man had walked on a heavenly body other than this one.

The nation returned to its sublunary concerns refreshed, inspired, somehow strengthened. The cares of this world mattered a little less. Liberal pundits, beholding a federal program that actually succeeded on its own ambitious terms, tried to convert the glory of Apollo into socialist hope: if we could put a man on the moon, a thousand voices hectored us, we could save our inner cities—counsel that illustrated the need for clearly defined ends and rationally ordered means. It wasn't willpower alone that propelled the Apollo crew to the lunar surface.

If you missed it, you really missed something. Who can even imagine an event to rival it?

The Distribution of Income (Cont'd.)

HAVE THE RICH gotten richer and the poor poorer under Reaganomics? Seven years into the longest peacetime economic expansion since World War II—with record increases in employment and personal income and a declining poverty rate—and three years after the tax reform that removed millions of low-income Americans from the tax rolls, this question is still far from being resolved. At least politically. In March the House Ways and Means Committee devoted 125 pages of a report on welfare programs to statistics that purportedly showed the poorest 40 per cent of all American families got poorer during the Reagan years, while the wealthiest 20 per cent enjoyed an 11.1 per cent gain in real income, more than double that of the next highest group. This conclusion, however, was based on a comparison of two years, 1979 and 1987, implying that the dismal economic performance of the last two Carter years, as well as the lingering effects of Carteromics during the early Reagan years, was Ronald Reagan's fault.

Finally, on July 6, came a rebuttal from House Republicans. Their study fills in the missing years, and finds that the alleged deterioration between 1979 and 1987 comprised a precipitous decline from 1979 to 1982, followed by steady gains for all income groups from 1982 to 1987. We now see that the fraction of American families in the lowest income stratum (below \$20,000 in 1987 dollars) increased during the Carter years and their immediate aftermath, going from 30.4 per cent in 1976 to 34 per cent in 1982, before falling to 30.3 per cent in 1987. The share of high-income families (over \$50,000 in 1987 dollars) fell from 19.4 per cent in 1979 to 17.1 per cent in 1982, and then rose to 22.9 per cent in 1987. The fraction of U.S. families in the middle (\$20,000 to \$50,000 in 1987 dollars) declined from 52 per cent to 48.9 per cent between 1976 and 1982, and continued falling between 1982 and 1987, the difference between the two periods being that instead of being pushed down to the lower income group, these families were now rising to the higher income group.

To be sure, the Republican study shows the rich getting richer faster than the poor since 1982: the mean cash income of the wealthiest 20 per cent of families rose 11.1 per cent from 1982 to 1987, compared to a 4.1 per cent gain for the lowest 20 per cent. It does not necessarily follow that long-term income inequality has increased, however, since a goodly fraction of the 1987 "rich" were undoubtedly poor or in the middle in 1982.

Undeterred, the *New York Times*—in a front-page article headlined "Forces in Society, and Reaganism, Helped Dig Deeper Hole for Poor"—has now "corrected" the Republican correction. On the basic facts there is little disagreement; indeed, the *Times*'s Peter Passell cites Congressional Budget Office figures showing that the average real family incomes of the bottom fifth rose 8 per cent from 1982 to 1987 while the top fifth rose 14 per cent, even less of a difference between these groups than the Republicans reported. The "catch," according to the *Times*, comes in the interpretation. That is, to compare 1982, a year of deep recession, with 1987, the fifth year of a record economic expansion, is, to quote the rhetorically resourceful *Times*, "like comparing apples to oranges."

Precisely.

Revolution on the Ropes

THE SANDINISTA REVOLUTION has observed its tenth anniversary, "firmly in control," as they say, but sounding chastened and conciliatory. In his anniversary oration, Daniel Ortega spoke kindly of Cardinal Obando y Bravo; conceded that not all his domestic opponents are "traitors"; acknowledged the obvious, the economic ruin of Nicaragua (though blaming it largely on you-know-who); and tried to assure neigh-

boring countries of his peaceful intentions. The “revolution without borders” is sounding more and more like a revolution without a future.

This may be less hypocrisy than necessity. The Sandinistas continue to try to squelch opposition, and the opposition parties are demanding a postponement of the elections scheduled for February. But Nicaragua has become perhaps the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere—“poorer even than Haiti,” according to *La Prensa* business manager Jaime Chamorro. Popular support for the government is under 20 per cent, according to independent polls.

These are only the local conditions. The global situation is equally inauspicious. Marxism-Leninism is in nearly universal collapse, and Soviet support beyond the next few months is doubtful. Albania may not prove a viable model.

What it comes to is that Nicaragua joined the Soviet commonwealth at the lag end of its fortunes. Communism has been a matchless system of subversion, but Ortega is discovering its radical irrationality as a system of governance. Economic recovery under the Sandinistas is unlikely; they will be doing well to stay in power. That is all Ortega can hope to do, and the question is what means he will use to do it.

Herbert von Karajan, RIP

HERBERT VON KARAJAN, for 35 years known as the “General Music Director of Europe,” has died at 81. No one before him ever wielded as much concentrated artistic power as he did; it is doubtful that anyone ever will again. A driven, ambitious man, he was both personally and professionally one of the most controversial music figures of our time.

One principle guided his life: perfectionism, whether making music or engaging in his recreational pursuits—driving fast cars, ocean sailing, skiing, and, especially, flying. It was flying that first brought us together.

In 1954, Wilhelm Furtwängler, conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic, died just before he was to have begun his first postwar American tour. Karajan was desperately anxious to succeed to that post; he once told me it was the only job he ever really wanted. For that to happen, however, he needed to make the American tour. After intricate political wrangling he was invited. Just before the trip, he told his American management that his only true interest in our country would be to continue the pilot training he had recently begun in Europe. Since I held a commercial pilot's license, I was put in charge of his training.

Having been a flight instructor on twin-engine planes for a time during World War II, I was accustomed to student questions, but his were something else: precise, incisive, demanding, and unrelenting.

At his request I chartered a Piper Apache, and we began flying together on a run from New York to Baltimore. As we were taxiing out I told him we would be flying in a very crowded air corridor and he must always look around for other aircraft; he nodded.

When we reached cruising altitude, I reminded him again of the heavy traffic. Result: he brought his eyes up briefly. A few minute later, spotting a plane approaching us, I tapped him on the shoulder. Again, a quick look.

It wasn't long before I saw another plane, this time heading right for us. My manners left me; I jammed the control column to the firewall, dumping us into an abrupt dive. When we leveled off, I told him he could land the plane at the nearest airport and let me out—that I had survived students, bullets, and flying The Hump in World War II and was not about to have my life snuffed out by some hotshot inexperienced idiot. He blanched, and apologized.

We approached Baltimore without further adventure, and he made a smooth landing. While he was taxiing to the parking area I moved slowly out of my instructor mode back to artist manager; on his part he was very quiet and pale. As we disembarked he asked if I would be at the concert that night. I said I would. He suggested I come to his dressing room a few minutes before the performance. When I arrived, he handed me a sealed envelope, telling me to open it when I reached the auditorium.

I found my seat and followed his instructions. Inside were several sheets of lined paper; written on every one, one hundred of them, was the sentence: “I will always look around while flying.” When I saw him after the concert he looked anxiously at me. I waved the papers and smiled. He smiled back: “I really will remember,” he said.



“Tell me, General, just how effective is the new American Stealth bomber?”

Who Owns America?

THE COMMERCE DEPARTMENT recently reported on the foreign stake in U.S. corporations and real estate:

FOREIGN INVESTMENT IN THE U.S. (\$ Billions; Year End)			
	1987	1988	% Change
UK	\$ 79.7	\$101.9	27.9
Japan	35.2	53.4	51.7
Netherlands	49.1	49.0	(0.2)
Canada	24.0	27.4	14.2
West Germany	20.3	23.8	17.2
All others	63.5	73.4	15.6
Total	\$271.8	\$328.9	21.0

While growing too fast not to be of some concern, foreign investment does not loom large relative to the total economy: at \$328.9 billion, it represents only 6 per cent of tangible corporate assets in this country. British corporations are by far the largest foreign investors, although if the growth rates of the past year persist, the Japanese will assume that role within four years.

However, these figures understate the amount of foreign acquisition activity in this country because they reflect only that part of foreign investment financed by the inflow of capital from abroad. When you include the domestically financed portion, total assets of foreign-owned U.S. corporations came to \$926 billion at the end of 1987 (the latest figure available), or more than three times the Commerce Department's figure for direct foreign investment. On this basis Japan is the biggest investor (\$196 billion), followed by the UK (\$156 billion), Canada (\$140 billion), and Switzerland (\$74 billion).

The truth is we don't know what the actual level of foreign involvement is. Two dozen federal agencies collect data on foreign investment, but the reporting requirements range from lax to non-existent. The Com-

merce Department, usually cited as the most reliable source of foreign-ownership information, admits to overlooking at least \$223 billion in foreign capital entering the country between 1981 and 1987, referring to this in its publications as a "statistical discrepancy." According to some experts, as much as 50 per cent of all foreign investment goes unreported.

National origin is also easily obscured. The Department of Agriculture, for example, is prohibited by law from investigating beyond three levels of incorporation. Thus the 270,000 acres of Texas farmland registered with dummy corporations located in the Netherlands Antilles—one acre for every man, woman, and child living in that country—may, for all we know, belong to drug dealers or agents of a hostile nation.

Similarly, the Federal Reserve requires foreign banks, but not foreign individuals, to report bank acquisitions, a loophole which enabled the Soviet Union to acquire four Silicon Valley banks during the 1970s. This sale, aborted only because a CIA agent happened to recognize the Singapore businessman acting as a front for the Soviets, would have given them access not only to U.S. technology but also to the financial structure of the computer industry, allowing them to identify those computer-industry executives most susceptible to financial pressure.

The most glaring information gap is in urban and residential real estate. No federal agency collects or analyzes these data, although private studies suggest that foreigners own nearly half of the prime commercial real estate in Los Angeles, 40 per cent in Houston, and 33 per cent in the Washington, D.C., area.

A bill sponsored by Representative John Bryant (D., Tex.) would require foreign investors to register and disclose holdings accounting for 5 per cent or more of a U.S. business, or real estate worth more than \$5 million. Lobbying by some of the more than one hundred PACs formed by foreign-owned American companies helped sink the Bryant bill when it was first introduced last year. —ED RUBENSTEIN

And he did. Over the years he became an accomplished pilot, moving from propeller aircraft to a Lear Jet. When he bought his Lear, he set up an arrangement with Austrian Airlines: they used the plane ad lib, but delivered it to him when he wished, fully fueled, maintained, and airworthy. Perfection.

Herbert von Karajan never did anything halfway.

He leaves a rich legacy of recordings, more than any other artist since the invention of the phonograph. The Salzburg Festival took on new life under his direction; La Scala had its best years since Toscanini; Vienna blossomed. The General has gone, but he leaves strong armies behind. Rest in peace.

—SCHUYLER CHAPIN

Sidney Hook, RIP

WHEN SIDNEY HOOK and Whittaker Chambers met for the first time, in the 1930s, it was under the aegis of their mutual friend, the critic Lionel Trilling. Chambers, at the time, was still a dedicated agent of Stalinist Russia; Hook was an ardent anti-Stalinist, already perceived by the leaders of the American Communist movement as their most eloquent and dangerous intellectual detractor. The resulting conversation was anything but the stimulating romp through the Marxian canon that Trilling had envisioned. Whenever Hook would raise some new objection to the policies of the Soviet Union, the unsmiling Chambers would mumble the retort, "So *you* say." This went on for an hour or so, until Hook—tired of the monotonous repartee—departed for a meeting at his university. "So, what did you think of Sidney?" Trilling anxiously inquired. "I do not trust that man," Chambers replied. "He has a social-democratic face."

In later years, the great Witness would, no doubt, have been happy to take back his wary words; but Sidney Hook, to the very end, remained both charmed and amused by the description. Even as an old man, when American conservatives had come to look upon him as one of their own, he continued to revel in the appellation "social democrat."

In his youth, like so many of the early contributors to this journal, Hook was drawn to Marxism. But his grasp of history and his philosopher's instincts prevented him from fully embracing the ideology as it was practiced in the Soviet Union. At first he tried to save Marx by distinguishing true Marxism from the actions of Marx's Soviet adherents. Yet, long before most of his contemporaries, he came to see that the philosophy of Marx was little more than another muddled version of the nineteenth century's secular religion—in Burckhardt's famous phrase, "rationalism for the few and magic for the many." Ultimately, as Hook demonstrated in his later writings, even the magical side of Marxism—the utopian vision of a world made perfect—had to be viewed as a monstrous parlor trick played first upon the intelligentsia, later upon the captive peoples of the Soviet Empire.

One of Sidney Hook's most acclaimed books, *The Failure of Nerve*, dealt with the compliant stance adopted by so many intellectuals in confronting what Jean-François Revel was to call "the totalitarian temptation." His own nerve, however, never faltered. During the 1930s, when so many of his colleagues preferred to imbibe the "opium of the intellectuals," Sidney Hook challenged Stalinism directly by organizing the Dewey Commission, which helped to lay bare the murderous crimes of the Soviet Union almost twenty years before Khrushchev's secret report of 1956. It was one example of the moral courage that marked his character throughout his long career. His

efforts earned for him the enmity of the Left: *Pravda* vilified him as a "fascist reptile," and the anathema "You're just as bad as Sidney Hook" was often invoked in the trendy literary salons of New York.

Sidney Hook never lost his love of intellectual combat; his enthusiasm for new ideas was as fresh at 86 as it had been in his student days. So it was never really possible—even in his last years—to think of him as an old man. He was always approachable, always prepared for argument or discussion. He was also a philosopher of great distinction and creativity, and a teacher who left his mark upon generations of devoted students. But first and foremost, he was a good and wise man.

—PETER WITONSKI

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Memo to: Bill

From: Frances Bronson

Here's a letter from the Letterman people. It speaks for itself. Let me know your decision.

NBC Entertainment

Late Night with David Letterman

Dear Miss Bronson:

Here is a script for a possible William Buckley cameo on *Late Night with David Letterman*. The script should be more or less self-explanatory but if you have any questions, don't hesitate to ask.

If he's willing to do it, we would like to schedule it at his earliest convenience. This segment would be at the very first part of the show, which we tape from 5:30 to 6:30, so it wouldn't require too much of his time.

I'll give you a call to see what you all think. I hope we can work something out.

Best regards,

Maria Pope

Writers' Segment Coordinator

Frances: Okay.

B.

Script for possible WILLIAM BUCKLEY cameo
LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN

PAUL GETS HELP WITH CHAT WITH DAVE

After Dave does his opening remarks and crosses back to homebase, he sits at the desk and begins his usual chat with Paul. Paul interrupts.

PAUL: Dave, I know this is the part of the show where we ad lib a fascinating repartee . . .

DAVE: I suppose you could call it that . . . Or, you could call it "dead air."

PAUL: I was feeling a little tired tonight so I thought instead I'd get someone to fill in for me just this once. OK?

DAVE: Sure, I guess so, if you're really bushed.

PAUL: Let me bring him out here . . . a brilliant conversationalist—William Buckley!

(William Buckley comes out and stands at Paul's mike.)

WILLIAM BUCKLEY: Hello, Dave. Tell me, how was your weekend?

DAVE: Very good. How was your weekend, William?

WILLIAM BUCKLEY: Fantastic.

PAUL: Ladies and gentlemen . . . William Buckley!

Buckley exits to thunderous applause, and Dave, having satisfied a talk show's need for a little inane chatter at the start, proceeds as usual . . .

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I take exception to your sentence in "Full Circle" [June 2] that ends the episode of the incorrect baggage tally, i.e., too many bags aboard the plane. "Whose they were, we never knew; and, being a genial lot, [of bags or people?] there has been no public speculation over the question." I think your participle dangles.

Warren Snyder
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Snyder: You are quite right. Introducing the word "we" before "being" would have fixed it up grammatically, though there is, you will concede, a little euphonic damage left over. Cordially, WFB

□ Dear Bill,

To calculate latent pernicious energy attributable to evolutionist ideology I've devised the formula: $E = cm^2$.

Stunning in its simplicity, isn't it? A given population's transmogrified vitality due to influence of Darwinian doctrine is equal to the product of a coefficient of susceptibility times the square of mass madness.

Mass madness (m , in misodynes) is directly pro-

portional to brainwashing effectiveness of mass media. A misodyne is a unit of neuronal circuit energy shunted in a population's "relatively enlightened" cortical fields (I'm sure you're aware that, in magnitude, a misodyne is the reciprocal of a nullilumen, the infinitesimal amount of light energy that emanates in a millennium from Justice Douglas's penumbra of the Constitution).

The coefficient (c) of susceptibility to evolutionist propaganda varies with a population's retention of what they were taught in the biological sciences (everyone remembering everything is 1; everyone forgetting everything is 0).

The factors must be determined by analysis of empirical data (beyond the scope of this letter).

Thank you,
Nick Oranczak
Catasauqua, Pa.

Dear Mr. Oranczak: Thanks! I hadn't thought *anything* was outside the scope of your letter! Cordially, WFB

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a nine- or ten-year-old reading Dear Abby, Charlie Brown, and the Royals' scores, I found your columns incomprehensible. In high school I discovered you were simply boring.

Early in my college days at Kansas State University in the journalism department and political-science classrooms I learned to admire your style but could not understand how you could be so wrong on so many issues. As a cub reporter for the *Topeka Capital-Journal* I frequently found myself agreeing with your positions but resented your patronizing tone and use of big words and foreign phrases. You abuse the reader, I thought.

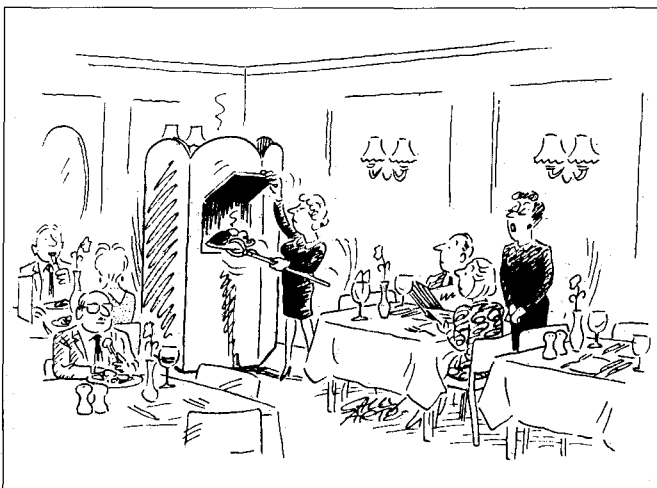
Now, as a 28-year-old homeowner; underpaid, overworked director of communications for the Kansas Republican Party—concerned about over-taxation, overspending, and under-presence in the world—and newlywed, I find we share opinions on most critical issues and that I enjoy your writing savoir-faire.

Boy, Bill, have you changed!

Yours,
Roger Aeschliman
Topeka, Kan.

P.S. Please, please, let's do something about the non-word "factoid." An item of information is either a fact, or it is fiction. It can not be "like a fact," even if it is trivial. It is either a trivial fact or trivial fiction, but not a "factoid." HELP!

Dear Mr. Aeschliman: We don't use "factoid" here at NR, but I promise to *slay* the first person I hear using it, now that I'm confident you will find my action mature. Cordially, —WFB



"At one time, we considered banning smoking altogether."

ON THE SCENE

JOBS WITH JUSTICE?

SUSAN MANDEL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—At a rally outside the White House by striking Eastern Airlines workers, members of the Communications Workers of America came to show their support with placards reading: "CWA demands jobs with justice." There is no little irony in this, because the CWA turned a deaf ear to former member Harry Beck when he questioned the justice of having three out of every four dollars of his compulsory dues spent on political causes he opposed. Even though he ultimately won his case—and the Supreme Court's June 1988 ruling was considered a landmark—workers still have an exceedingly difficult time getting their unions to refund their money. Indeed, CWA president Morton Bahr says that unions shouldn't have to comply with the ruling, because "all of the things we do are in the best interest of the workers."

That may change, however: tucked into President Bush's campaign-reform package was a little-noticed provision that would force unions to advise workers of their right not to fund the unions' political activities, and to reveal the findings of an annual independent audit showing how much of their money goes toward each of their various activities, including specific candidates and particular political causes that were funded. Many unions still tell employees they have to join as a condition of their employment, whereas that is not the case even in non-right-to-work states. Others who know their rights find their requests for refunds stalled by union bureaucracy; there are currently pending over three hundred court cases based on the *Beck* decision. Senator Mitch McConnell (R.,

Ky.) says legislation to implement that decision would "bring some democracy to the unions' political operations."

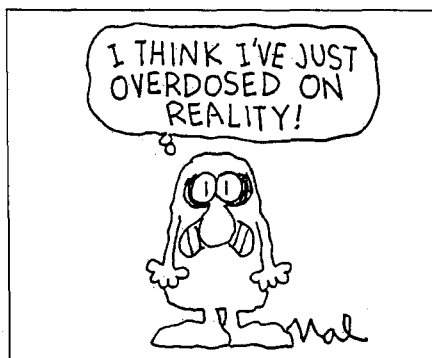
As the senator notes, the reform would at least force unions to acknowledge their political activities, something they are loath to do. The 47 per cent of union households that voted for Ronald Reagan in 1984 and the nearly 40 per cent that voted for George Bush in 1988—and even some of the ones that voted Democratic—might be upset to find out, for example, that union PACs gave roughly \$33 million to Democrats in the last election campaigns.

The real scandal, however, is the way unions give their members' dues to political campaigns in the form of "soft money." Soft money goes toward nationwide phone banks, campaign schools for grassroots operatives, partisan campaign literature, massive voter-registration drives, and consultants to manage campaigns and union workers to staff them. It plays a role in every congressional and presidential race and gives an enormous campaign advantage to whichever candidate big labor supports. "Unlike PAC contributions, soft money doesn't have to be reported," says Karl Gallant of the National

Right to Work Foundation. "Nobody even knows how large this is, though we estimate that in the 1987-88 campaign cycle it was anywhere between \$100 million and \$355 million. By comparison, contributions from all PACs totaled about \$160 million over the same period."

This is the reason why unions, whose members make up less than 20 per cent of the work force, exercise a disproportionate amount of political influence. Soft money was a factor in at least four of the five 1986 Senate races in which Republican incumbents were defeated. So it should come as no surprise to find that today there are numerous labor-backed bills pending in Congress—on the minimum wage, parental leave, child care, and just about everything else the unions couldn't get from their own employers at the bargaining table. In a 1987 *Time* magazine article, AFL-CIO executive Howard Samuels boasted: "We control the committees and the agenda on the floor."

So far, pro-labor advocates in Congress such as Edward Kennedy (who is chairman of the Senate Labor Committee) and Howard Metzenbaum (D., Ohio) have been silent about possible legislation concerning the *Beck* case. The Democratic leadership, virtually all of which receives soft money from unions, would rather not talk about it. And since most voters can't get too excited about campaign reform, it hasn't been difficult for politicians to avoid it. Chances of passage for the Bush finance-reform package appear slim unless the President gives it his outspoken support. "I think it will take a major push by the White House to get the *Beck* decision moving," says Representative Tom DeLay (R., Tex.). "It's a win-win for the President. There might be some union leaders in town who don't like it, but few people can argue against freedom of information and the right to make a decision on how your own money is being spent." □



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COLD WAR ON ICE

JOHN REED

LONDON—British personnel in Moscow are living in an uneasy state of limbo. At infrequent intervals the wheels of diplomacy grind round another fraction of a turn in a debate, now two months old, which will decide whether some must leave.

The Soviet authorities are demanding a reduction in the number of diplomats, support staff, journalists, resident businessmen, and trade officials to a level equal to the number of Russians in London. The question of who exactly should be counted in these categories is complex, but it appears that over a hundred Britons could be on their way home in the near future.

The Soviets have always objected to fixed quotas of accredited staff for the obvious reasons that their foreign embassies are usually much larger than those of other powers in Moscow. They had the scarcely believable total of 550 diplomats in London in 1971 while Britain had forty diplomats in Moscow. They now have 205 in London compared to 140 Britons in Moscow.

But the Soviets decided on May 20 that if the quota system was in place they might as well get the benefit of it. The day before, Britain had expelled eight Soviet diplomats and three journalists for spying. In a tit-for-tat action that has been the norm for Moscow since the cold war began, the same number of British diplomats and journalists was expelled.

Instead of leaving it at that, however, chief Soviet foreign spokesman Gennady Gerasimov held a press conference to announce to the world that Britain had acted in such a shameful way, by expelling innocent Soviet diplomats and journalists under the laughable excuse that they were spying, that Britain would be given a week to bring most of its people home from Moscow.

A downturn in general relations followed and, as Mr. Gorbachev carried out his public love affair with Chancel-

lor Helmut Kohl of West Germany, the Soviets tried to isolate Britain from its European colleagues. The man whom Mrs. Thatcher had proudly announced she could "do business with" decided that Britain was a country with which he would not do business.

The posturing and bullying seemed to contain a simple message: "In these days of *glasnost* we have many friends and you should not act against us or it will be your loss. If you want to be friends accept us, warts and all." And the warts of good relations with the Soviets are their spies.

TRADITIONALLY, Britain has taken the hardest line against Soviet spies of any European country. (The all-time record is held by then-Foreign Secretary Lord Home, who expelled 105 in 1971.) West Germany and France have also expelled spies, but not with such determination, only taking action when the evidence, usually from a defector, is incontrovertible. Germany, in particular, has concentrated on controlling spying activities by arresting its own citizens who have been recruited.

Many other countries, notably Austria, have allowed themselves to become established as "soft countries" through which technology can be exported to the Soviet Union. It is often said that if all the computers that have been sent to Vienna had remained there, the Austrian capital would by now be knee-deep in them.

The Soviets have obviously decided it is a propitious time to force Britain to get into step with the rest of Western Europe. Mrs. Thatcher received sharp criticism from all sides for plunging Britain back into virtually cold-war relations with Moscow by expelling the spies, and questions were asked in the House of Commons along the lines, "If we know who the spies are can't we simply keep watch on them rather than damage Britain's relations with Moscow?"

It is also a propitious time in that periods of good relations with the

West provide the Soviets with a fine opportunity to gather Western technology and military information. Western intelligence agencies have all noted the marked increase in Soviet intelligence activity over the last two years. Its level rises and falls with the level of relations.

Victor Suvorov—a former Soviet military intelligence agent who defected to Britain in 1978—explained it thus: "What happens in such periods of détente is that the intelligence machine uses every advantage of friendship to recruit agents and through them buy information or technology. The aim is to be always one step ahead. Periods of détente come and go in cycles and these times are absolutely crucial to spies. They must do as much as they can while times are good."

Critics may say that, after ten years out of the business, he is out of touch with the new *glasnost* era. Suvorov's answer is simple and passionate: "What the people in the West never understand is that these spies are serious, they will clean out your country. Mentally, the Soviets are still fighting the Second World War. It is a real war to them, never forget that."

"While Gorbachev is charming everyone there are spies in the embassy, spies posing as journalists, Aeroflot workers, and businessmen who are working doubly hard to recruit agents with the money you lend them on credit deals. The level of penetration is very deep and very dangerous. Your intelligence service may know who the spies are, but a spy is dangerous, even under control. The only course of action you can take is to expel every spy you find, instantly, with as much noise as possible. If you do that the Soviets will respect you, say they are sorry, and not react against your diplomats."

Suvorov, among others, believes Britain made a fatal mistake because it tried to reason with the Soviets over the latest expulsions. Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe gave several clear warnings that they had to cut down on their level of spying. When these went unheeded the diplomats and journalists were told they would be expelled, but quietly and with no publicity. That would give the Soviets a chance to save face, he reasoned. The furious reaction that followed was a direct consequence, argues Suvorov: "They saw weakness and fear. Now

Mr. Reed is a journalist who keeps tabs on the KGB—and vice versa.

they are trying to bully Britain to make it even more afraid of taking such action in the future."

Mrs. Thatcher may declare bravely today, "We are not going to tolerate

the intolerable," but it remains to be seen whether Western leaders will take note of Moscow's bitter revenge on Britain and think twice before expelling Soviet spies in the future. □

it is not actions that are being punished (as the invitation was not sent), but thoughts and attitudes, we should not be surprised at the choice of totalitarian means: public confession of error and humiliating submission to right-thinking peers.

With such a prologue last year, what faculty committee would dare deny a self-advertised lesbian the right to teach a man-hating course this year? No matter that she is a plant physiologist and the course is in linguistics, or that her sole relevant qualification, as reported to the committee that must approve new courses, is that she once "participated" in a linguistics seminar. Her real qualification is that she gives college-sponsored public lectures complaining that the college treats her prejudicially; meanwhile, the college bookstore proudly displays a book of photographs of prominent lesbians, with a notice of the page on which her picture is to be found. Members of the committee admit privately that fear of being accused of "homophobia" is the reason they approved her proposed course: homophobiaphobia.

It is called "Wimmin, Language, and Reality." Its instructor, in a fair sample of her prose style, explains the peculiar orthography this way: "The word 'wimmin' in the title is used to denote the feminist analyses of language focus of the course." She adds: "An historical perspective of the origins of Indo-European language [*sic*] will provide the foundation for discussion of the dynamic role of language in our ways of thinking, understanding, writing, and behavior." There is no indication as to how this historical perspective is to be achieved. Nothing in the list of required readings would make up for the instructor's own ignorance of the subject. No standard work in comparative linguistics or on the history of Indo-European languages is included. Even works by feminist linguists (e.g., Key and Kramarae) are omitted. The only text that even pretends to be in linguistics—Dale Spender's *Man Made Language*—is highly speculative, not to say fictive. Otherwise, required readings consist of anti-male and anti-heterosexual screeds—Mary Daly's *Wickedary* and Andrea Dworkin's *Intercourse*—some bizarre attempts to create a "women's language," and a feminist novel.

The course makes no attempt to do

HOMOPHOBIAPHOBIA

THOMAS SHORT

GAMBIER, OHIO—Black Studies, Women's Studies, and Minority Studies claim to represent society's victims, hitherto "excluded" from the liberal arts. This victim-based curriculum is necessarily tendentious, for its very rationale is an implicit condemnation of American society. And since its aim is political, not intellectual, it spurns academic standards, contributing to the general decline of so-called higher education. Victim status, however, makes these courses and those who propose them sacrosanct. Consider just one example.

Kenyon College, once a bastion of curricular sobriety, has lately suffered a revolution from the top down, led by a new administration that has promoted Women's Studies, polarized the faculty, and transformed the college's ethos. Today that revolution continues on many fronts, of which "gay rights" is but one. Any skepticism about "gay rights" is labeled "homophobic." The word "homophobia" is a nice invention. Not so long ago clinical psychologists called homosexuality a disease; now it is simply another "orientation," and the disease consists in doubting whether one "orientation" is as good as another. Hence homophobiaphobia, or the extreme and pathetic fear of being called "homophobic."

Last spring, the College declared a Gay/Lesbian Awareness Week, including a Denim Day on which all were supposed to wear denim to signal their support of "gay rights." Denim, the undergraduate uniform, was never less in evidence among the students or more so among the faculty. Denimless students were berated by bedenimed instructors for opposing "gay rights."

Mr. Short teaches philosophy at Kenyon College; he is currently writing a book on the politicization of higher education.

This intolerable situation naturally inspired some students to commit satire.

Toward the end of Gay/Lesbian Awareness Week, a member of the Delta Phi Delta fraternity wrote up an invitation for a "Heterosexual Support Group Awareness Party," admonishing, "No bare feet. No spitting. No denim." That, plus the time and place of the event, is all that the invitation contained. Yet such is the atmosphere at Kenyon that the officers of the fraternity ruled the invitation "in bad taste" and decided not to send it. A copy nevertheless fell into the hands of the Gay/Straight Alliance, which reproduced and distributed it, to "prove" that homophobia is rampant. Screams of outrage—directed not against those who distributed the invitation but against the Delta Phis, who didn't—ricocheted off ivied walls. In a long editorial, the campus paper claimed that the invitation "directly implies" that "Gays and Lesbians . . . are as disgusting as spit on the floor." You have to admire the interpretative powers of our editorialist, since the invitation made fun of college-sponsored events, not of homosexuals. But that is the type of textual exegesis now taught: any time you interpret a text as proving injustice to one of the approved groups of victims, you are right.

The next week, President Philip H. Jordan Jr. courageously joined the swelling chorus with a solemn statement: "The satiric invitation . . . represents an insensitivity, an intolerance, and immaturity which have no place on Kenyon's campus." Stopping just short of imposing sanctions, he added, "I have written the Delta Phis urging them to take the lead in an educational program against homophobia and prejudice with help from the Gay/Straight Alliance as a resource." Since

what is promised—"consider English language in prose, poetry, religion, the medias [*sic*], science, philosophy, economics, and history/herstory." Its real purpose is to teach, without the hindrance of factual knowledge, that "heteropatriarchy" has created a language "which leaves unspoken the experience of those not white, male, and heterosexual."

Uniquely among Kenyon courses, its catalogue description ends with these words: "Women are encouraged." What women are encouraged to do is

left unsaid, but presumably they are being encouraged to enroll. Does that mean that men are not encouraged? Or is it the author's intention to imply that in other Kenyon courses women are not as welcome as men? Either way, an animus is made obvious, and that animus is the course's real content.

You can see why Kenyon now fears satire. In the victim-based curriculum there is "no place" for knowledge, for critical intelligence, for academic standards, much less for irony or humor. □

IN ANDREOTTI'S TENT

BRIAN CROZIER

ROME—Have you noticed how quiet Colonel Qaddafi has been lately? Western visitors to the Bedouin maverick's tent have found him strangely anxious to be found clubbable. What does this mean?

Well, first, of course, that the American bombing raid three years ago did have a sobering effect, as did sundry sea/air confrontations in the Gulf of Sirte. But there is more to it than that. Some years ago, Libya was awash with petrodollars. Now OPEC pricing policies and a massive failure of his own socialist mishmash economic plans have seriously impinged on his dreams of grandeur. His military adventure in neighboring Chad came to grief. His Iranian friends settled for half a cake in their own war with Iraq. And, now, the Soviet Union under Mikhail Gorbachev seems to have reduced its interest in Libya as a center for fomenting international tension.

So, as a trouble-maker, Qaddafi finds himself in straitened circumstances. And this brings me to the real point, which is the Maghreb, or Arab West, of which Libya is a part. In his "good boy" phases, Qaddafi starts making overtures to other Arab states. Nine years ago, it was Syria, and the Syrian-Libyan unification statement fitted in well with the Soviet arming of Libya and the Soviet-Syrian Friendship Treaty.

Shelving grandiose plans for a great Saharan empire, Qaddafi started mus-ing aloud about a "total union" of

North African Arab nations. His best friend appears to be Algeria's own colonel, Bendjedid Chadli, who, however, is a more down-to-earth character than Qaddafi. His response to dreams of "total union" is sober talk of joint energy and water projects.

The other Maghreb countries, Morocco and Tunisia, view any kind of partnership with Libya with deep suspicion. In the eyes of King Hassan of Morocco (Commander of the Faithful and Allah's Deputy on Earth), Qaddafi is a mere upstart. As for Tunisia, where Bourguiba's iron rule has been succeeded by Ben Ali's ideas of Western pluralism, Qaddafi's overtures are hardly welcomed.

Nonetheless, the Maghreb threatens to become a major issue for the European Community, for NATO, and therefore for the United States. It is in this context that the little-reported recent activities of Italy's new Prime Minister, Giulio Andreotti, have to be seen. In Italy, Andreotti plays a role comparable to that of his West German opposite number, Hans-Dietrich Genscher (see *NR*, June 2). He has served as prime minister before, in the 1970s, and has been foreign minister continuously for the past six years. Coalitions come and go: Andreotti stays on.

In Rome they have a saying, which has lately undergone revision. The old version: The most important man in Italy is the Pope, followed by Andreotti. In the new version, Andreotti comes first, followed by the Pope.

Andreotti's diagnosis of the current Euro-African situation is startling. First (like Genscher), he takes Gorbachev's "sincerity" as a given. Moreover, Gorbachev's policy is irreversible, and therefore Soviet military aggression is past history.

Gorbachev's overtures to Israel and to moderate Arab states are also "sincere." Thus, the French nuclear deterrent has lost its meaning, and any talk of a Franco-British nuclear axis is absurd. The conclusion Andreotti draws from his assessment is that the Mediterranean has become the real center of interest.

Andreotti goes on to point to what he sees as a dangerous contrast between the EC, with a fast-growing economy and a declining population, and the Greater Maghreb, with a declining economy and an exploding population. Soon the Maghreb will have an uncontrollable problem of unemployed youth in the millions.

If nothing is done, Europe, and Italy in particular, will face a massive increase in terrorism from the Maghreb, which he describes as a "war of the poor" against the rich Europeans. Over the past months, Andreotti has made frequent visits, sometimes unpublicized, to the Maghreb countries, especially to Libya and Algeria. He is working on a plan to absorb the poverty of Arab North Africa through shared EC prosperity.

These views are not universally accepted in Italy. The army, for instance, stubbornly clings to the conventional wisdom: that the real threat comes, still, from the Soviet side. It follows, if that premise is accepted, that Italy should be preparing for Soviet parachute landings of Spetsnaz (the special forces of Soviet military intelligence, or GRU) rather than for a terrorist war from the south.

The Andreotti plan should neither be ignored nor accepted uncritically. Even more than Genscher, Andreotti is an arch-accommodator. Years ago, he played a leading role in advocating the acceptance of the Italian Communist Party as a "normal" party, and hence a potential coalition partner. That was the essence of the *compromesso storico* proposed by the Communist Party leader, the late Enrico Berlinguer.

Whatever happens, we haven't heard the last of the "Greater Maghreb" (still fiction, not fact). □

WHIPPING BOY

*In Democratic eyes, Newt Gingrich has committed two unforgivable sins:
forcing House Democrats to apply post-Watergate ethical standards to themselves,
and suggesting that their hegemony might not be eternal.
There are exciting times ahead, if Sheriff Newt survives the showdown.*

HIGH NOON FOR NEWT

WILLIAM MCGURN

"... [a] poor imitation of Joe McCarthy."

—Rep. David Obey (D., Wis.)

"... the guy does not have a lot of friends. . . . He's a lone soldier—but a damn good one."

—Rep. Vin Weber (R., Minn.)

"... an evil wind blowing in the halls of Congress today that is reminiscent of the Spanish Inquisition."

—Rep. Jack Brooks (D., Tex.)

"The Republicans' pit bull."

—Time magazine

"... the best thing to happen to George Bush."

—Dan Casey

American Conservative Union

FROM JOE MCCARTHY and the Spanish Inquisition it might seem a long way to the best thing to happen to George Bush. Such is vision on the Potomac, however, that all these folks are talking about the same man, Newt Gingrich. Only a few months ago the 46-year-old Republican from Georgia's 6th District was relatively unknown outside conservative circles. But his election to the post of House Minority Whip this spring and the resignation of Speaker Jim Wright as a result of ethics charges filed by Mr. Gingrich last year have put him on the evening news—and the Democrats' hit list.

By now there can hardly be an American alive (apart from the jury that tried Oliver North) that doesn't know that it was Newt Gingrich who brought the Speaker down by drawing attention to a congressional abuse of power that has assumed the dimensions of a Democratic Watergate; at Mr. Gingrich's annual birthday fundraiser in June at the Capitol Hill Club, the College Republicans emphasized the point by sending him a box of whistles. But the Georgian is now finding out that the post-Nixon ethos of good government has a distinctly partisan hue. No sooner did Speaker Wright announce his resignation than the evening news was filled with Democratic cries of "Get Gingrich!" and incessant innuendos that his own book deal smells as bad as Mr. Wright's, all served up with some pretty shallow press coverage. Sitting in his new Whip office in H-219 of the Capitol, Mr. Gingrich tells a report-

er that he finds it "outrageous" that within two weeks the Wright resignation could be turned around so that "the whistleblower had become the villain."

Nor is there anything mindless about this cannibalism, *pace* Speaker Wright. As a conservative gadfly Mr. Gingrich was merely annoying; as Minority Whip he has become intolerable. The reason is simple: there is a good chance that he may in fact bring about the Republican majority he has long argued for. More than any other politician today he has worked to complete the Reagan revolution by reviving Republican strength at the local levels. If this effort succeeds, it may put him in the Speaker's chair himself as early as 1993.

"If the Republicans had said after Watergate, 'We're going to get Sam Ervin,' there would have been a jihad in the press corps," says the communications director of the National Republican Congressional Committee, John Buckley. "But when the Democratic Party says they're out to get Newt there's not a whimper. There's an element here of frustration because they are not able to beat Newt on language, on ideas."

IN TERMS OF press coverage this frustration has taken the form of a number of unflattering pieces. *Time* magazine ran a sidebar to the Wright story under the heading "The Republicans' Pit Bull." The Style section of the *Washington Post* weighed in with a long profile detailing the congressman's messy divorce from his first wife (whom he married when he was 19), his difficult second marriage, and the second thoughts of some former associates. The July *Vanity Fair* took the same tack. Much of this stuff was simply updated and rehashed from a five-year-old piece in *Mother Jones* that former Democratic Whip Tony Coelho happily copied and passed around. It's all there—high-brow titillation from embittered ex-employees, an acrimonious divorce, and a strained second marriage. Interesting in a *People*-magazine sort of way, but no seamier than most human stories in Washington—no more so than Ronald Reagan's, for example.

In much the same way, the hullabaloo over Mr. Gingrich's own book deal is in reality little more than a manufactured attempt to equate Mr. Wright's efforts to evade House rules on honoraria with Mr. Gingrich's expensive

but legitimate publishing flop. The complaint before the ethics committee was filed in April by Bill Alexander (D., Ark.), still smarting because Mr. Gingrich had exposed his use of an Air Force jet on a \$65,000 personal junket to Brazil, which exposure cost him a shot at the Majority Whip position.

The charges against Gingrich revolve around a limited partnership formed in 1984 by 21 conservative supporters who put in \$105,000 to promote his book, *Window of Opportunity*; his wife was paid \$11,500 for setting up and managing the partnership. In the end the book sold only 12,000 copies. But Mr. Gingrich points out that, unlike Mr. Wright's *Reflections of a Public Man*, his book was published by a legitimate publisher (St. Martin's), sold in bookstores, and bought by regular people. Even Charles Wilson (D., Tex.), a Wright supporter to the bitter end, has gone on record as saying that he sees nothing in the Alexander charges.

Nevertheless, given the Beltway appetite for scandal, the potential for political damage remains. Mr. Gingrich would like to ensure fairness by having the same committee members who handled Speaker Wright's case look into his. With Thomas Foley (D., Wash.) and Richard Gephardt (D., Mo.) having succeeded Speaker Wright and Majority Whip Coelho, the Democrats say the aim of the new leadership is to reduce the partisan rancor on the Hill. A good test of their sincerity will be whether they stack the ethics committee that will hear the charges against Mr. Gingrich with Democrats like David Obey and Beryl Anthony (D., Ark.), who have already publicly called for his head.

"I don't think Mother Teresa could get a clean bill of health from the kind of people who are now going after Newt," says the executive director of the American Conservative Union, Dan Casey. "So would six Democrats and one turncoat Republican find him guilty of violating some House rule? I wouldn't bet against that, but that doesn't mean that Newt would really be guilty of anything."

Meanwhile, what's striking about the coverage of the Republican Whip is that for all the ink and film expended, precious little of it deals with real politics. Forget for a moment that none of the pieces give Mr. Gingrich credit for courage in taking on the Speaker of the House at a time when Jim Wright was virtually omnipotent and Newt Gingrich all but unknown. It's still astounding that so little attention has been paid to Mr. Gingrich's oft-stated goal of a Republican takeover of the House in 1992 as the basis for—and this is a favorite phrase—a "governing conservatism."

The failure to take his political aims seriously may have occurred partly because the congressman is so disarming in person. He has soft, almost cherubic features that belie his bulldog image. But he is dead serious about a Republican takeover. Over a glass of iced tea in the House dining room he cites four trends he believes are conspiring

in the Republicans' favor. First is the post-Census redistricting, which will mean a gain of about twenty to 25 seats in the South and the West. Second is campaign reform, which if adopted will reduce the unfair advantage incumbents, mostly Democrats, have over challengers; in a June address to the National Press Club the congressman noted that incumbents "spent more money last year on franked mail than every challenger for the House and Senate spent on *everything*." He also points to GOP inroads among young voters, citing a Gallup Poll that had 52 per cent of people under age thirty identifying themselves as Republicans against 38 per cent identifying themselves as Democrats. Finally, he believes, if Republicans are aggressive enough they can "increase our relative advantage as the party of ideas," against the party of "urban machines, union bosses, and obsolete programs."

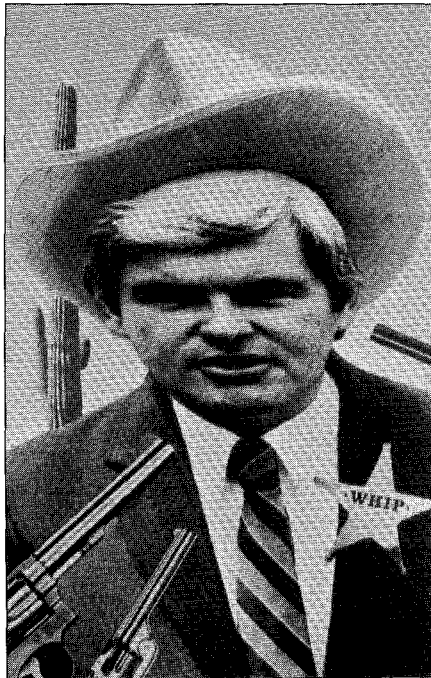
The untold story here is how Newt Gingrich is putting electoral flesh on these ideas. Nowhere is this more evident than in his home district, Georgia's 6th, where he is helping to turn around former Democratic strongholds. "He has showed us how to listen to constituent needs, how to refine the message and let people know how a Republican candidate in Clayton County, Georgia, differs from a Democratic candidate in Clayton County, Georgia," says the GOP chairman for the district, Randy Evans. Evidently Georgians like this difference, for although Mr. Gingrich remains the state's only Republican in Congress, more and more Republicans are joining him at the local, county, and state levels.

Mr. Evans rattles off the figures. In the two-year period ending in 1988, Mr. Gingrich helped bring in 13 new Republican county commissioners, two

new Republican school superintendents, three new Republican sheriffs, two new Republican state representatives, one new Republican state senator, and 11 new Republican school-board members—an overall increase of 119 per cent, with no Republican incumbencies lost. Since then the party has picked up two more seats in special elections, and five Democrats have come over to its side. The statistics tell only half the story. Many of these Republicans are the first in their positions since Reconstruction. One man, James L. Steele, is a black Republican school superintendent elected in a county that is 95 per cent white.

"I wouldn't even have been in the race if it weren't for Newt," says Commissioner Steve Farris, the first Republican ever elected to office in Douglas County. "Before Newt, the Republicans would just run some kook who paid the fee and wanted to see his name in the paper. But now we actively recruit quality candidates. Not only do we learn how to win, we learn how to govern." Had Ronald Reagan done on the national level what Newt Gingrich has accomplished in his district in Georgia, the Republicans would no longer be a minority.

So when the man from Georgia says that there's "one chance in seven that we will see a Republican Speaker after 1992," he's not just whistling Dixie. Still, several



formidable obstacles remain. For one thing, there is the entrenched incumbency, not likely to give up power willingly; much of any Republican success will depend on the success of reform efforts to make campaigns more even. One element would be to eliminate the grandfather clause that allows those elected before 1980 to convert their campaign funds to personal use. Some of these congressmen thus have large nest-eggs waiting—Dan Rostenkowski (D., Ill.) and Steve Solarz (D., N.Y.), for example, have more than a million dollars each in their funds—and most of the 190 congressmen who fall into this category are Democrats. Were this loophole eliminated there would be a powerful incentive for these incumbents to take their checks and retire now, while they still can.

Another problem lies in the fight for the soul of the Republican Party. In this case, says one Republican activist, the battle is “not so much between conservatives and moderates but between those who want an activist Republican Party and those who are content to remain a powerless minority.” That was indicated by Mr. Gingrich’s elevation to Whip, by a slender 87 to 85 majority. Few of the press accounts explain how a man so unpopular and with so many liabilities has managed to get so many Republican moderates on his side. “I supported Newt because I want a kind of leadership that can work with the Democrats but will make sure the Republican voice is heard in a Democrat-controlled House,” says one such moderate, Nancy Johnson (R., Conn.). “We now have the kind of leadership team that has both strength and diversity.”

In particular, Republican House members have grown tired of Democratic abuses involving allocation of staff, an all-important part of modern legislative life. The National Republican Congressional Committee highlights a striking breakdown from vote to clout: While Republican congressional candidates captured 47.2 per cent of the vote, that translated into only 40.2 per cent of the seats. From this, the Republicans are reduced further to but 35 per cent of the committee spots—and then to a mere 17 per cent of committee staff. Mr. Gingrich himself attributes his election as Whip in part to his understanding of nuts-and-bolts problems like this one, and points to his success as the ranking Republican on the House Administration Committee in getting more staff. “Republican moderates decided that my activism was more desirable than my conservatism was frightening,” he says, taking a sip of iced tea.

He is too polite to say so, but this is precisely where the Gipper dropped the ball. The congressman chooses his words carefully here, praising the former President for having “transformed the core debate of politics” and saying it would be “hard to second-guess” Ronald Reagan. But the truth is that President Reagan did not get much of what he wanted through Congress because a) he didn’t get enough Republicans into Congress and b) he didn’t face down House Democrats who trampled on presidential power. The Bush Administration has been more supportive, and with good reason. The Republican Whip has been a staunch critic of “the bipartisan smile and then the assault behind the scenes” that has characterized Democratic treatment of nominees from Robert Bork to John Tower. Thus a cornerstone of his reform effort is to insist on applying to the legislature the same rules it has forced on the executive branch. “If the Congress had to spend one week under the ridiculousness that is applied to the execu-

tive, if it had one day when it was subject to the same disclosure requirements given to Bush nominees, it would repeal it all in 24 hours and we might go back to common sense,” he says.

Thus it is no coincidence that George Bush’s honeymoon period has coincided with Mr. Gingrich’s efforts to turn the same spotlight that has bedeviled the executive branch ever since 1974 on the Democrats. The papers are calling it the “good cop/bad cop” approach—letting Gingrich & Co. be the heavies while the President extends the olive branch—but there is no sign that the White House is doing so reluctantly. To the contrary, at an *American Spectator* dinner for the press, White House Chief of Staff John Sununu emphasized that Mr. Gingrich has been over to see the President regularly, and the Whip’s birthday fundraiser was thick with Cabinet members. To take on the Republican Whip, Democrats will have to take on the Administration as well. “Look around,” Mr. Gingrich says, alluding to the number of his new Whip staff who have come from the White House. “We’re about as intermingled as you can get.”

TO BE SURE, the new conservative House hero has taken any number of positions that give most conservatives pause, particularly but not exclusively in the area of free trade. Over the years, for example, he has supported sanctions against South Africa, textile quotas, a domestic-content bill for American auto parts, and the holiday honoring the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. He has not taken the lead on any of these, however, and he has been a staunch backer of vouchers and privatization efforts. Whether he survives the scrutiny of his own allies will be a good test of whether conservatism has gotten over its destructive tendency to insist on 100 per cent purity, which effectively makes a “governing conservatism” impossible.

“More than anyone else, Newt has popularized the idea that the liberal welfare state is corrupt, that it is inherently a problem and will always attack the values of the American middle class,” says the president of Americans for Tax Reform, Grover Norquist, who helps advise the congressman on economic issues. “The important thing for us is not to bemoan the fact that Newt Gingrich has not performed the same miracle for free trade that he has for other issues. He’s not Atlas and we can’t put every issue on his shoulders.”

Finishing up his iced tea and the interview, the congressman turns to two of his interns who have been sitting in, Elizabeth Dallas and April Brooks, both bright-eyed Georgians, asking them how they’re enjoying their work and if they have any suggestions on anything he might have said that was wrong. In these faces he sees the future of the Republican Party, the same people who will soon give him the Republican majority crucial to his plans. George Bush, he believes—with a little more optimism than others on the Right—is a big part of this. Mr. Gingrich notes that the only sitting Vice President to win election and then re-election as President was Thomas Jefferson, arguing that the real revolution will come when Mr. Bush has a Republican Congress behind him. “The ‘first hundred days’ of the Bush Administration is going to be in the second term,” he says, “not the first.” □

TO THE FINLAND STATION

Things are changing in the Soviet Union. Clerks are no longer rude on principle, anti-Stalinist books are being published, there is even some good food.

But why is Leningrad water unsafe? Why is sugar rationed?

Why can't soap be bought in Moscow? Does Gorbachev want to know?

BACK TO THE USSR

ROBERT CONQUEST

AS ON MY last visit to the Soviet Union, I arrived in Leningrad from Finland. The center of the city, magnificent in daytime, is haunting at midnight, during the "white nights" of summer when the sun sets but still shines, as Pushkin put it, in a "transparent dusk and moonless glitter." My first appointment the following morning was at the very beginning of the Nevsky Prospekt, in the offices of the literary-political journal *Neva*, which is serializing my book *The Great Terror*.

I should have said earlier that I was a few weeks out of my teens on my previous visit to the Soviet Union. Thus it is obviously unnatural that I should have meanwhile written a number of books on the major themes of the Soviet past which in most cases remain the only serious histories of these events in existence. The reason, of course, is that it was impossible to research, write, or publish truth in the USSR. Things have changed. The new Soviet historians have yet to emerge, but no doubt they soon will.

A well-known Russian writer said to me at a Moscow dinner party a few days later, "Can I pinch you to make sure you're here?" I'd been pinching myself once or twice. There and in Leningrad I had had several press interviews, been asked to go on television, given a number of talks—in fact I was just back from addressing, in my vile Russian (from the very chair in which its great editor Tvardovsky had sat), the staff of the leading Moscow literary-political journal, *Novy Mir*, which is publishing excerpts of my book on collectivization, *The Harvest of Sorrow*. I spoke also to the staffs of other major periodicals about to publish such excerpts—*Druzhba Narodov* and *Voprosy Istorii*, the leading professional history journal. I met with publishers seeking the book rights. These books (listed on secret customs instructions as "anti-Soviet" but not "slandereous") were vilified or ignored until a year or so ago; though I have seldom met a Soviet intellectual or official who hadn't read *The Great Terror*.



For the intelligentsia, truth about the past, in which so many of their families perished, has long been an imperative need, satisfied only by the illegal reading of banned books such as my own. But this is only part of the story.

A third of a century ago, in 1956, I remember Professor Peter Wiles of the London School of Economics, who had just been in Budapest, being asked on television about the causes of the Hungarian Revolution. His answer was, "They were fed up with telling lies."

Then in Budapest, and now in Moscow, it is not only a matter of the intelligentsia and the truth about the past. Among people in general, throughout my visit the strongest impression was of their being exhausted and disgusted with the whole paraphernalia of falsehood and fallacious doctrine which had promised them, at the cost of endless sacrifice, a wonderful socialism; and which has in fact, as is now admitted, produced social and economic disaster. They are simply sick of Marxism, fetishism of the Party, the heroes of the revolutionary past, the whole boiling. Large majorities have wanted to change the name of the city of Gorki back to Nizhne-Novgorod. On Kalinin Avenue in Moscow, named for the long-serving president of the USSR, a woman said to me, "Why do we have to call our streets after that old dope?"

Their own ministers and other official spokesmen have been telling them that they rank fortieth or fiftieth among nations in per-capita GNP and in health care, that the deficit is twice as high as in America, that compared to the West half as much of a plant's income goes in the form of pay to its workers, that the ruble is almost worthless on the world market, that homelessness is far worse than in Western countries.

Phrases I heard several times were "in a normal country . . .," "if this were a normal country . . .," "in England or any other normal country . . ." There is this overwhelming feeling, at all levels, that deprivations otherwise unknown in civilized countries are being inflicted on them by the system and its bosses, the *apparats*.



A change from what has been reported until a year or so ago was the evaporation of the traditional *khamstvo*—boorishness. In Leningrad my wife and I found none, in

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Moscow and elsewhere very little, even in banks, shops, bureaus, offices. The old surly sabotage from anyone in a position to deny or delay a normal request had greatly diminished. One Leningrader explained this as a disavowal of the attitudes of the *apparatchik*. If so, it is a remarkable and perhaps indicative social change.



Vignettes: We are told of a return to having pets (though *Literaturnaya Gazeta* writes that even cats will not eat the Soviet sausage). Twice I saw handsome middle-class women each with two borzois. And we even bought a postcard of a basset hound (printed, it says on the back, in 4,850,000 copies, but perhaps that refers to the whole series).

—At a main crossroad on Gorki Street a car does not start when the light goes green. A shower has begun, and the owner is putting on his windshield wipers. When this is seen, the hooting dies down. (No one leaves the wipers on the windshield when parked, or they would be stolen.)

—“Iron Lady!” a cabdriver says admiringly of Margaret Thatcher. Her splendid performance on Moscow Television is still widely remembered. But she is also valued (with Ronald Reagan) for having taken the measure of the Brezhnevite policy and faced it down: “Her struggle and ours are the same,” says an intellectual, just as admiringly.

—Fearful to tolerable food in some “tourist” hotels. Excellent meals at the Union of Writers, the Union of Cinematographers, and the (Leningrad) Union of Architects, at the Taganka Theater, and at a state “self-accounting” restaurant in Tbilisi.

—I came across quite a few Western scholars and journalists. One lot—Norman Podhoretz, Midge Decter, Frank Shakespeare, and others—are actually holding public seminars on conservatism. Unlike us, they are being put up in luxury in an official guest house. And they ride the exclusive middle lane in a large “town car.” We go by metro, trolleybus, taxi, or foot. (One of us sees a huge black official Chaika roll by, preceded and followed by slightly smaller black Volgas: “That’s what we call a Servant of the People,” says our taxidriver.)

—Climbing the longest escalator in the world, temporarily out of order, in one of the Leningrad Metro stations.

—In underpasses, in Metro corridors, now and then an old woman begging, in white peasant *babushka*, sitting

head down and hand out, “For the love of God,” as in czarist times. Many passers-by are giving.

—A poet I had never met coming up to me outside an editorial office and, without a word, handing me a rose on a long stem.



In Leningrad the great Kazan Cathedral is still the Museum of Atheism. When I was last here, it was covered with garish posters showing, if I remember right, such scenes as Jesus waving a bottle of vodka and embracing Mary Magdalen. Nowadays all looks respectable, and foreigners are discouraged from entering. I didn’t go, but a Jewish friend of mine did and (though himself an unbeliever) had a flaming row with the guard about the misrepresentation of Judaism. Elsewhere, I saw a sign “Former Cathedral, closed for restoration”: someone had crossed out “Former.” A student told me that at his institute the compulsory atheism classes were quite interesting, being in effect a study of comparative religion with only the occasional ritual denunciation. It was the (equally compulsory) classes in Marxism-Leninism which were the nadir of boredom.

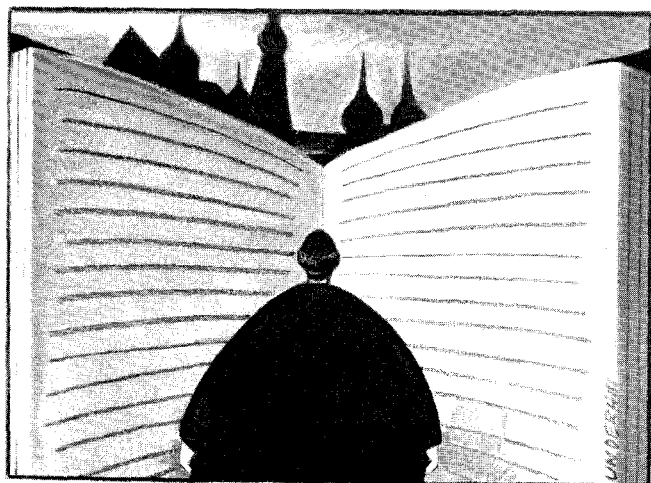


Soviet television news: immediate coverage of the Fergana riots, with corpses and burning houses. Television in general: much dull stuff (a barman in one joint yelled “Propaganda!” at some official pronouncement); but also much iconoclastic debate, including the lively sessions of the Supreme Soviet. A continual opening of the minds of the masses? We shall see. Meanwhile, one is told that intellectuals who never watched TV have two sets, one for the husband, one for the wife, in case they miss anything.



Metaphysically, the whole trip was fascinating: physically less so. Readers will have come across many accounts of the ordinary horrors of a Soviet visit, such as the dusty emptiness of shops. Even the hard-currency Beriozkas, which most Russians can only dream of entering, are like combinations of a small, obsolete, ill-stocked supermarket and a souvenir shop in Atlantic City. As to purchases in rubles, GUM, the huge general store on Red Square, might be characterized as a place where in purgatory those Westerners who have shopped excessively in life are doomed to spend a million years. And Moscow is privileged: of a central food store in Vladimir, in the provinces, I would rather not speak.

But why? Why does Leningrad water contain intestinal parasites? Why is sugar rationed? Why can’t soap—or even toothbrushes—be bought in Moscow? Why did our hotel, the seventh or eighth best in the city, display such squalor in the rooming, the feeding, the ventilation? And why, incidentally, do decent Russians have to be met at the front door, while tarts and pimps enter freely? And if they do, why can’t the pimps be required at least to look respectable—many would have been thrown out as excessively *louche* from a bar in the Marseille docks. The whores are more presentable—and can earn in half an hour the



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equivalent of two months' pay for a doctor. (There seem to be more pimps than tarts: a Russian explained that this was on the Soviet principle, "Two administrators for every worker.")

Still, at every hotel we were at, the lifts worked, the hot water was constant, and so forth. Why is it that in the USSR some things are efficient and others grotesquely incompetent? The Metro trains are fast and frequent—and cheap. The internal airlines too (though dreadful as to boarding, getting a seat, finding a safety belt, eating) were punctual and speedy. Books are beautifully produced. Street-cleaning is extremely good.

My impression was that though the economy as such is still in the trough of the wave, the efficiency is beginning, very slowly, to spread out into new areas. And also, not quite the same thing, that the "cooperative" shops—long disliked as profit-making by the man-in-the-street—are just beginning to be accepted on their merits.

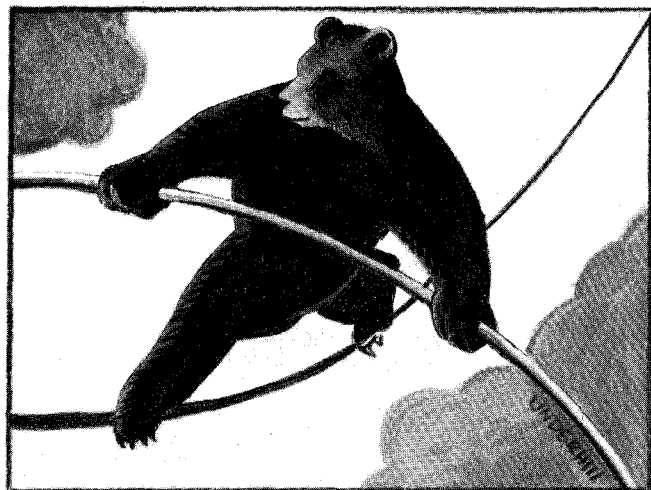


Suzdal, a couple of hundred miles northeast of Moscow, is a wonderful old showpiece of kremlin, cathedrals, monasteries, nunneries. Preservation is splendid. Modern buildings have to be low: a Russian told me that two architects had won a prize "for not spoiling the skyline." In the Monastery of St. Euthymius, a maze of lawns, onion-domed and "tent-roofed" churches, belfries and refectories, the guide shows us the former prison, used by the czars until 1907, and during the war the place Field Marshal von Paulus and his staff were held. And wasn't it, I ask, a "political isolator" in Stalin's time? "Yes, we are allowed to say that, but I have no names." Allowed, but not compelled (*I have a few names*).

Among the Suzdal phenomena there is, except when overlaid by the splendid bell-ringing, the continuous caw of rooks. I recall (having not thought about it before) a line from a short piece by that fine poet Andrei Voznesensky about a day at Suzdal with a girl, of which I published a translation in *Encounter* years ago: "In Suzdal there are . . . rooks." (The Russian word is usually translated "crows" but, like Sylvia Plath, I prefer "rooks.") The poem ends: "I live in Russia amid snows and saints."

I met Voznesensky 12 or 13 years ago in Washington. On our last day in Moscow our hostess says she hopes he will come to a little dinner at the Union of Cinematographers. And so he does. We talk of Suzdal and other matters. To the other side of me, I develop to my hostess a theory of Russian women, which so takes her fancy that she silences the other six, no easy task, in order to repeat it to them.

My view of Russian womanhood? Briefly that, more strikingly than with men, the long-drawn-out pressures of terror and suffering over the past decades have made the bad worse and the good better. Chekhov's selfish and shallow girls have developed into the awful Soviet "citizenesses." A recent article in one of the Moscow journals—by a woman—describes as perfectly natural an old shoemaker, at work secretly after a Brezhnevite decree against such activity, being denounced by local female busybodies. Indeed tourists, until quite recently, used to describe such women coming up and, without any authority at all, forbidding them to take photographs.



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But (I argued) Chekhov's fine women characters have, as it were, been further purified by the flames and are deeply impressive in their gentle strength. There is less of the Western superficial sexiness, but what seemed a profounder and more relaxed feeling of the reciprocation between men and women. And coping, even now, with the steep hostile gradient against which ordinary Soviet life is led, they put to shame some of the Westerners in the tourist hotels ("Oh Joseph, you know I have to have freshly pressed orange juice . . .").

Of course, such attitudes, if in less purblind form, are to be found to some extent in all of us. Any Anglo-Saxon visiting the Soviet Union should feel that he or she is unfairly exempt, saved by our culture's past history and politics. Even with the maximum empathy we can produce, there remains that barrier: they have actually faced the horrible past, and will have to face the unpredictable future. We have not and (presumably) will not.



When it comes to spoiling skylines, the five or six tall 1950s structures looming around central Moscow would take some beating. Their style is often called "Stalinist wedding-cake"; but that gives an impression, no doubt of tastelessness, but yet of delicacy or sentimentality. On the contrary, these buildings look above all like heavy projections of inhuman power. They remind me of the cover of a science-fiction magazine of the 1930s showing, in full color, fortresses from which implacable alien invaders have established their grip on earth's cities, ready with beam-weapons at the pinnacles to burn down any revolt. Such a cover would combine the sense of mere unarguable power with the idea of a totally non-human style, but nevertheless a style. Perhaps Stalin took it, or his advisors did, from a 1931 issue of *Wonder Stories*. In any case, I found it sinister and oppressive in the extreme.

In those stories, the yoke of apparently invincible aliens was usually, in the long run, overthrown by human effort. Stalinism, if not yet its artifacts, seems to be dead or dying—though death-throes can be dangerous.



The nationalities problem presents enormous dangers, of course. It is not in principle insoluble (except in a few

special cases like Nagorno-Karabakh). But the political and psychological obstacles are hard and tricky. Meanwhile it was odd (for example) to see outside the government building of the Georgian Soviet Socialist Republic a man collecting signatures on a petition for total independence (even though most Georgians want to combine this with protection from the "Mussulmans").

In the Arbat, Moscow's crowded literature-cum-shopping street, we saw 15 or twenty Ukrainian Uniate Catholics in line on hunger-strike, bearing banners demanding the legalization of their suppressed and terrorized church. The crowds came up and spoke to them, apparently with sympathy. (But they were not there the next day.)

As to the Soviet bloc, one foreign-policy official said, "We have so much to do at home that we are neglecting Eastern Europe—to the benefit of both parties." Still, among the Soviet and Soviet-bloc nations there are so many explosive possibilities that even the best of Western policies and the most skillful and sensible tactics in Moscow cannot guarantee a successful evolution. But we need not despair yet.

The economy is even more refractory. Its total collapse does not seem an immediate threat. Starvation is not imminent—the food is adequate though (except for the bread) of miserable quality. One man said to me that the notorious Soviet sausage alone would turn every rational Russian into a vegetarian—except that there are so few vegetables (and even less fruit). But the pressures are building up. Politburo member Aleksandr Yakovlev has said that if the food problem is not solved in two or three years, the present leadership might as well give in. And he strongly implied (what some economists have written openly) that it would be succeeded by an old-style Brezhnevite regime built on total rationing.

The events in Peking have much shaken the intelligentsia. Russians have every right to be pessimists. And the fear of something not quite the same as the Chinese experience, but nevertheless devastating, is widespread. More than once, and from different strata, one heard the idea that civil war could erupt. In the papers, writers have told of praying every day against the "merciless, mindless" rebellions of the People, the dreaded *Narod*, which Pushkin describes. It is certainly true that even now feudal-style attitudes exist on both sides. My wife and I saw several examples. All the same, the "people" voted for the intelligentsia against the *apparatus*.

But most widely feared is a military-reactionary regime backed by the anti-Semitic Russian national extremists. In an interview with one of the Moscow journals I was asked my view of Gorbachev and answered that he seemed at present to represent the best chance of peaceful evolution. It is, indeed, tempting providence to think this of a single mortal: as Carlyle wrote of the French Revolution: "Had Mirabeau lived one other year!" Which is not to say that Gorbachev has a complete understanding of all the problems, or a perfect set of solutions to them, or the prospect of putting those solutions fully into practice. Such a politician has never existed anywhere on earth. Nor is it to say that he has made no political mistakes, and will make none in the future. And, yes, there are other potential

leaders who grasp the need for radical reform. But the difficulties and dangers are so great that his personal authority and political skills, if he does not switch or falter, could just make the difference in a critical stage of the hoped-for Soviet transition at present still in the balance.

I was more than once told in Moscow, and quite truly, of the Russian lack of true political experience. This is indeed a crux. On the other side one can put a few intangibles. First (and no one could have been sure of this until lately), the fearful blows struck at the population did not, after all, succeed in destroying its spirit. On the contrary, a deep (though long only half-conscious) solidarity of rejection was created, a powerful resource ready for cooperation in a new order. Second, the intelligentsia has been almost totally disabused of the Marxist or any other utopian fanaticism.

On a different note, soon after the elections earlier this year there was a photograph in *Moscow News* of a girl in Leningrad carrying a poster with "Cross Out the Single Name!" What I found most striking was that she looked happy and relaxed, neither terrified nor defiant. And they did cross out the single name! So that, as Leningraders of all strata were proud to tell us, every one of the *apparatus*'s nominees in the city was defeated.

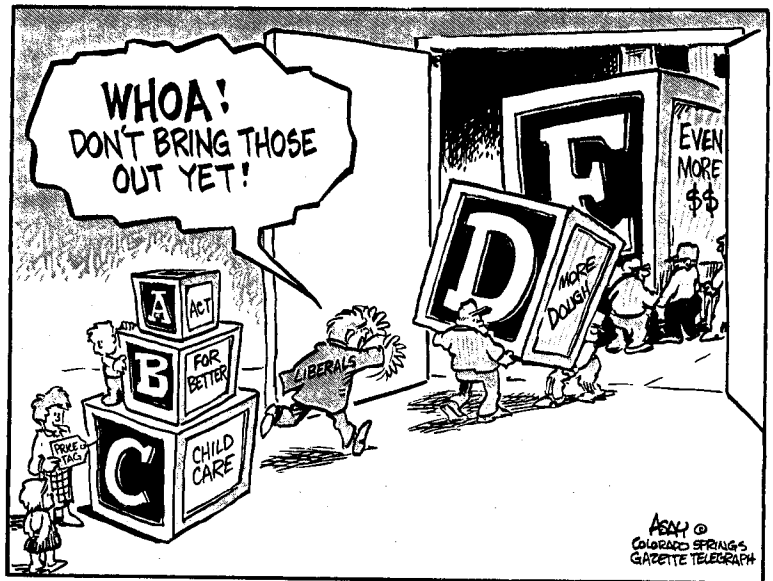
The odds against peaceful evolution may seem high, and at least we must all be prepared for dangerous possibilities. At best we can hardly expect smooth progress: though a few outbursts and disasters and setbacks can be contained. But given a fair degree of luck, and of political skill, there remains a reasonably good chance that the long transition only now starting may end in a resumption of Russia and the other Soviet countries into a politically and economically cooperative world order.

So far, in both international and internal affairs, there is an agenda. But in both we are still at the stage when the agenda has not yet been turned into substantial action. It is not the case that "the old world is dead and the new incapable of being born": but the difficulties of the transition remain. In foreign affairs, we should welcome the "new thinking"; but we should act on it only as, and when, and to the degree that, it is translated into practice. If we respond prematurely, the Soviets will have no need for improvement. If we respond too late, or inappropriately, new policies may be abandoned as unfruitful.

At any rate, as Orwell long ago predicted, "the Soviet Union will either democratize or perish," and the next few years will be decisive. Soviet traditionalism has been intellectually defeated; its economic system has been proved non-viable and its political system obsolete. But it still has powerful defenders, and is supported by powerful interest-groups; and a political coup is possible. If I am reasonably hopeful it is in part for historical reasons, but in part because this seemed to be supported by the pulse of the country, to the degree that I was able to feel it on this trip. □

Leningrad, Moscow, Vladimir, Suzdal, Tbilisi, Gorki
June-July 1989

helo



WHAT IF IT'S THE INTEGRITY OF THE WILDERNESS
OR US?

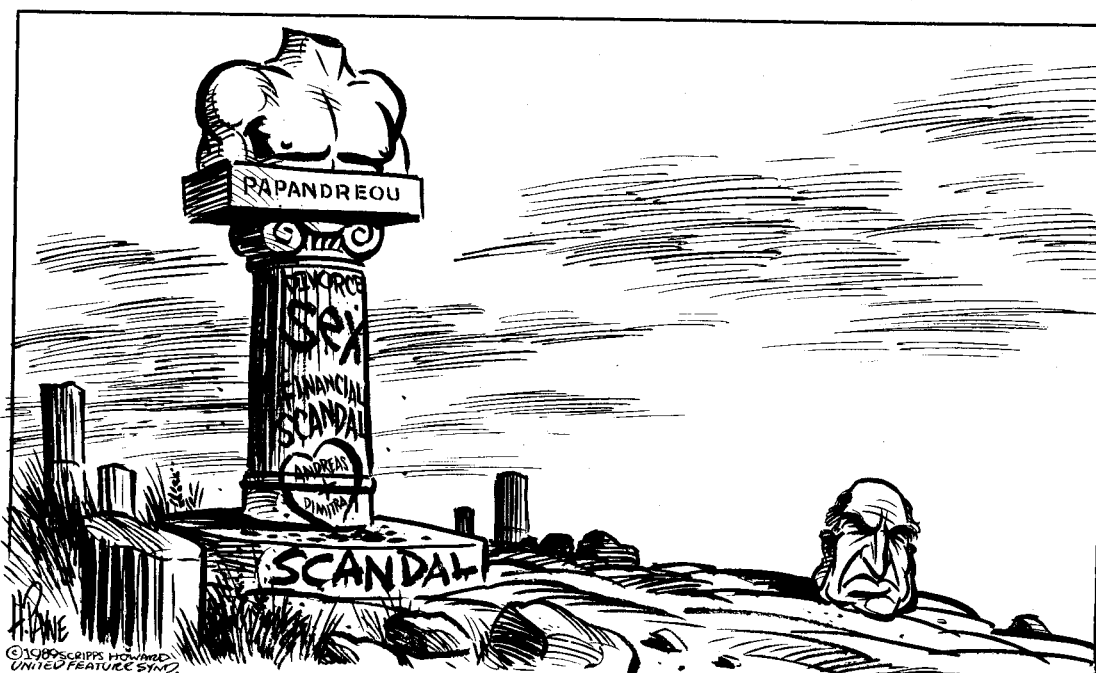
Speechless Forever

You can wave a flag and flap it;
You can run it up a pole;
You can drape it over coffins
For those missing on patrol;
You can wear it like a towel
If you tend to be a freak,
But no matter how you shake it,
You will never make it speak.

W. H. VON DREELE



"It's agreed, then: all horns will be reduced three inches."



GREEK RUIN

THE GANG OF ROME

When he formulated his theory, Malthus ignored the ingenuity of man.

The neo-Malthusians (the Club of Rome, Paul Ehrlich, et al.)

ignore a lot more besides—including Malthus himself.

But the human population is not a mathematical monster, and we are not all starving next year.

MALTHUS AND HIS GHOST

RAY PERCIVAL

IF THERE IS a sure way to invite ridicule it is to deny that population growth is dangerous. Malthus still carries authority, and his illustrious specter is invoked by what we might call the “neo-Malthusians” to silence impertinent doubt. But Malthus should not be confused with his ghost, and the confusion should not obscure the fact that both Malthus and his ghost are wrong in asserting that population growth rules out a rising standard of living.

Here is the ghost of Malthus in a book for children, *The Golden Stamp Book of Earth and Ecology*:

When man first began to farm, there were fewer than five million people on earth, and it took more than a million years for the population to reach that figure. But populations increase geometrically—that is, they double (2, 4, 8, 16, 32, etc.). Food supplies, in contrast, increase only arithmetically, a much slower process (2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, etc.). . . . If the population continues to explode, many people will starve. About half of the world's population is underfed now, with many approaching starvation.

The general confusion will not save either Malthus or his ghost from refutation. Unfortunately, refutation is not persuasion, and, though weakening, the ghostly orthodoxy still stalks the land. Paul Ehrlich, one of its principal exponents, had a penchant for picking figures out of thin air: “. . . a minimum of ten million people, most of them children, will starve to death during each year of the 1970s.” The Club of Rome at least packaged its scare-mongering in a scientific-looking computer study done at MIT, which dutifully declared: “The limits to growth on our planet will be reached sometime within the next one hundred years.” Fittingly, Ehrlich and the Club of Rome shared the axioms and confusions of the book meant for children: ultimate, catastrophic physical limits; geometric growth; explosive, senseless reproduction; and permanent starvation—a four-fold contradiction of Malthus. Malthus was right to deny these now-fashionable axioms of polite conversation.

Malthus's argument was not based on the premise of an

ultimate limit to the earth's resources: “No limits whatever are placed to the productions of the earth; they may increase forever and be greater than any assignable quantity.” Rather he was concerned with a disparity in the maximum possible rates of population growth and food production. Compare the arithmetical and geometrical series in the quotation from the children's book: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10; 2, 4, 8, 16, 32. Note the divergence at the third term, before which population grows unconstrained. In the children's book this point is placed in the future, but Malthus placed it in prehistoric times. Beyond this point population growth could be no higher than the ceiling set by the growth of food, and hence population grows at most arithmetically. To Malthus geometric growth was a utopian dream, something man left behind in Eden.

FROM MALTHUS's point of view, if half of mankind had been underfed for a significant time, far from exploding, the population “would not grow at all.” The misery of inadequate food prevented the population exceeding the food supply. Talk of a senseless explosion of population contradicts Malthus's emphasis on the individual's rational judgment, in which care for the welfare of potential offspring, fear of being reduced in rank, and the thought of the extra work and trouble to support additional offspring all play a role. Anthropologists have shown that all societies practice some form of contraception. The notion that most babies in less-developed countries must be unwanted because their parents do not connect birth with sex or because they cannot control their primitive urges is nonsense. The neo-Malthusians' appeal to the authority of Malthus has the unintended but charming consequence of undermining their case.

However, Malthus's theory itself is wrong. Its implications are: a) the theoretical maximum growth rate of population is greater than the theoretical maximum growth rate of food production; b) the long-term growth rate of food and population must be equal. But since plants and most animals have more numerous offspring and shorter gestation periods, they are capable with man's help of multiplying at a higher rate than mankind. Both jayhawks and men eat chickens, but whilst more jayhawks means fewer chickens, more men means more chickens. Malthus's pic-

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ture of man the parasite just does not fit the facts; man produces more than he consumes.

Between the end of the seventeenth century and the outbreak of the First World War, per-capita income in England increased six-fold despite a six-fold increase in population (the absolute increase in production was thirty-to fifty-fold, far outstripping the rate of growth of the population). Data published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and by the United Nations show that in the four decades since World War II, world per-capita food production has risen. In these facts we see the most thorough demolition of the Malthusian edifice. The neo-Malthusian ghost fares no better.

Hands up, those who watched on TV: Ten million children starve to death during each year of the Seventies. Ehrlich's prophecy resembled the mumblings of a clairvoyant. It was completely obscure how the predicted minimum figure of ten million deaths per year was derived from theory and data. We can only surmise that the figure was discerned in the cloudy crystal ball that is Ehrlich's head. Nevertheless, it was a good gamble. If one prophesies a disaster and it occurs, one becomes famous. Yet if the disaster does not occur, the prophet is saved from infamy as another among thousands of flopped prophecies falls into oblivion.

BUT WE WILL NOT allow Ehrlich's mistake the luxury of oblivion this time. Gale D. Johnson argues that during the last quarter of the nineteenth century perhaps twenty to 25 million people died from famine. If Ehrlich's glib formula—more people = more famine—were correct, we could have expected at least fifty million famine deaths in the third quarter of this century. But for the entire twentieth century to the present, there have been at most 15 million famine deaths. And many, if not the majority, of these were due to deliberate government policy, official mismanagement, or war—not to serious crop failure. The Ethiopian famine, occurring in one of the least densely populated regions of the world, is a problem not of population but of repressive government.

But do actual data interest Ehrlich? After all, who wants to be reminded of reality when you're telling your favorite

horror story? Ehrlich made much of the time it takes a population to double in size, calculated from the annual rate of growth. He chose doubling time because, as he says in *The Population Bomb*, it is "the best way to impress you with numbers." The magic formula is to pick a doubling time and—as if people bred like flies—simply project it and conclude that within a startlingly short time the earth will be completely carpeted by a two-thousand-story building packed with people. But as any demographer worth his salt will tell you, using the annual rate of growth to project from will exaggerate the prospects for population growth if the birth rate has fallen in the recent past. This is because it takes some decades for a decline in birth rate to show itself in slower population growth. Ehrlich ignored the fact that the birth rate in America had been falling for 13 years before his book was published. By 1975 the *total* number of births was no higher than in 1909.

The falling birth rate was part of the global demographic transition, a process in which first the death rate and then the birth rate fell from a high to a low level. Even Ehrlich could not completely ignore this most important event in the history of world population. With industrialization, children "became a financial drag—expensive to raise and educate . . . people just wanted to have fewer children." But this means that, contrary to Ehrlich's own argument, population growth is neither explosive nor reckless—ideas he uses to make population growth appear chaotic and frightening and thus set the stage for the state to act as the sole embodiment of rational planning.

In the last decade, the growth rate of the world population has shrunk from 2 per cent to 1.7 per cent, taking it well below replacement level. The UN, whose authority Ehrlich accepts, now expects world population to stabilize at about ten billion near the end of the twenty-first century, and this given *only* the behavior of the population and not external physical constraints. But still the anti-baby crusade continues with the same old refrain about geometric growth leading to disaster. To Ehrlich the macro-mathematics of growth are everything, and he loses sight of the people behind the arithmetic.

When the human population is seen as a sort of mathematical monster, developments that would strike the non-

mathematical as magnificent improvements in man's lot are instead seen as food for the beast. Ehrlich pointed in horror to the dramatic reduction in mortality in less-developed countries (LDCs) as merely an omen of higher growth. But exorcised of the rarefied mathematics of population growth, the dramatic reduction of the death rate in LDCs can be seen for what it really is: the triumph of medicine. It in turn was made possible by the economic development of more-developed countries (MDCs), a process that Ehrlich rejected as "unfair exploitation" of LDCs and as leading eventually to increased death rates through pollution.

It took the seventy years between 1830 and 1900 for average life expectancy in Europe to increase from forty



"One more plague and I turn this whole business over to the House Un-Egyptian Affairs Committee!"

years to fifty years. Thanks largely to the development of insecticides and drugs in MDCs during the 1940s, the same increase in LDCs took only the 15 years between 1950 and 1965. Peter Bauer of the London School of Economics points out that increases in life expectancy in LDCs began first in those places, such as India and Latin America, that had the most contact and commerce with MDCs. This is hardly exploitation in Ehrlich's sense. And if it were, who is exploiting whom? In addition, Ehrlich's prophecy of increased death rates owing to pollution sits uneasily with the fact that people worldwide now live longer.

Besides Ehrlich, the neo-Malthusian ghost also chose to appear in the form of that self-styled "independent col-

Ehrlich and the Club of Rome represent the mistaken ideology of catastrophe. Is there not something to be said for a more modest though still pessimistic position on population growth?

lege," the Club of Rome. The point of its book, *The Limits to Growth*, published in 1972, was an urgent call for "a non-growing state for society." It went to great lengths to make the message palatable, and even chose the rather exciting term "Global Equilibrium" to replace the grey and boring "no growth." Four years later, after the book had sold four million copies, we find the *New York Times* reporting that, at a meeting in Philadelphia, "Aurelio Peccei, founder of the Club of Rome and former manager of Olivetti, denied the Club was a group of advocates of zero growth."

To us simple folk the distinction between "non-growing" and "zero growth" is clearly the preserve of the erudite. Was this a face-saving deception, or was the Club of Rome lying in its first report?

For the most telling criticism of *The Limits to Growth* we need look no further than the Club's second technical report, available only a few months after the first, which asserted that with reasonable technological progress continuous growth is feasible, although the Club inconsistently retained the earlier gloomy public stance. One of the crucial defects of the Club's predictions was its neglect of historical price data for minerals. Julian Simon, the author of *The Ultimate Resource*, points out that if mineral resources had indeed become more scarce their prices would have increased. But their real prices on average have been sinking for as long as we can ascertain, indicating that they are now less scarce than they were. If one goes by the long trend, one can expect minerals to become cheaper and cheaper. Furthermore, any shortages on a free market will be accompanied by a rise in the price of the mineral, inducing suppliers to find new sources and substitutes for the mineral, and inducing customers to economize on its use.

Ehrlich and the Club of Rome represent the mistaken

ideology of catastrophe. Is there not something to be said for a more modest though still pessimistic position on population growth? The current standard model of population is that of Coale and Hoover. Through Philander Claxton (at one time the highest-ranking U.S. State Department official involved with population matters), the Coale and Hoover model made birth control an important part of U.S. foreign-aid policy. The Coale-Hoover theory focused on economic trends: an increase in the number of consumers and a decrease in saving due to population growth.

Their conclusion was that in India income over the period 1956-86 could have been expected to rise 2.5 times as fast with declining fertility as with continued high fertility. Julian Simon points out that this result is obtained by a) ignoring that in the long run a faster-growing population produces a larger labor supply, which implies a larger output, and b) assuming that capital—land, machines, etc.—does not increase in proportion with the labor force, so that there are diminishing returns to labor. Coale and Hoover simply assumed a constant GNP and divided it by more consumers! Subsequent models have given more weight to the effect of an increased labor force, but they still hold on to the "capital dilution" assumption. The main Coale-Hoover prediction: more children = slower growth.

But as early as 1967, studies by Simon Kuznets had shown that even rapid population growth was no impediment to rapid economic development, as Thailand, Mexico, Panama, Ecuador, and Jordan illustrate. Blaming poverty on population density will not work either: Julian Simon found high density to be associated with high living standards.

THE INADEQUACIES of the Coale and Hoover model stand out starkly next to the more complex model developed by Simon. His basic idea is that, in the long run, man produces more than he consumes.

A larger population makes for greater division of labor, economies of scale, and a more extensive market, supporting even very specialized services with minority appeal—how many metaphysical poets or ear specialists could a village support? (And remember, everyone is in a minority for some of his needs and tastes.)

With a larger population, there are more Edisons and Einsteins to contribute to production. In countries at the same level of income, scientific output is proportional to population size; the U.S. is much larger than Sweden, and it produces much more scientific knowledge. How come India and China are not world firsts in the scientific league, then? Well, since they are poor they cannot afford to educate as many people. But their poverty must be attributed to the bumbling brutality of their governments' economic interventions, not to a high proportion of children. There are many countries, such as Costa Rica, Thailand, and Jordan, that have both a high proportion of children in their populations and high levels of education.

What about the argument that a larger population merely consumes capital? Coale and Hoover naively assumed that usable land is a fixed resource. Rises in demand, however, spur people to increase the stock of land and to work the old land more intensively. New crops and methods of cultivation raise output even further, so that out-

put per person is greater than it would have been if there had been no increase in demand. With human beings, scarcity is the mother of abundance. When people want more land, they just go out and create it. In India between 1951 and 1971, cultivated land was increased by 20 per cent. Even now, India is not densely populated. Measured by the number of persons per acre of arable land, Japan and Taiwan—hardly examples of starving populations—are about five times as densely populated. Everyone has heard of Holland's reclamation of land from the sea, and Israel furnishes an instructive example for those who face the barren desert: the Israelis are reclaiming the Negev through the use of hydroponics, an agricultural technique that recycles all water and nutrients, is non-polluting, and needs little land and no soil at all. A desert-tolerant but tasty kind of livestock is also on the menu. One step in this direction is the goabex, a cross between a goat and a camel.

But have we not already stretched our use of land nearly to the limit? No. The Food and Agriculture Organization estimates that there are in the world nearly eight billion acres of arable land lying idle—four times that now being cultivated. Tropical lands allow multiple cropping. If this is taken into account, that fourfold potential increase becomes a tenfold increase. But as Israel and Holland show, even these untapped potentials do not set an upper limit on how much food could be produced. Imagination is the only limit, and more people means more minds and therefore more imagination.

Julian Simon's research has shown that there is no such thing as an ideal population growth rate. Whether a low, moderate, or high growth rate will maximize future income depends on the economic conditions of the country and the age structure of its population. Two conclusions, however, are unconditional: a) in economic terms, a declining population always does badly in the long run; b) all birth rates above the replacement level raise future income.

The possibility of a declining population, which is showing signs of becoming the next population scare, raises an important question. If we are faced with a declining birth rate, need the state intrude and attempt to boost it by, say, imposing a 5 per cent surtax on persons who are not married before they are 25 years old (as is done in Rumania)? No. A declining birth rate means that people (on average) prefer fewer children and more of the goods—pecuniary and non-pecuniary—that they would have had to sacrifice if they had had more children. In any case, the Eastern European attempts to mold family life do not seem to be working. If there is any planning to be done, each family will manage on its own, thank you.

Both the prophets of doom and the sober pessimists have foundered on the rocks of scientific research. It is now time to lay to rest both Malthus and his troubled ghost, in the knowledge that population growth does not impede but actually contributes to man's rise from poverty and hardship. The more people there are, free to exploit their own and the earth's resources, the easier it is to feed them. □

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INSIDE ANGOLA

The Angolan civil war may be drawing to a close, and on terms that would give anti-Communist hero Jonas Savimbi a measure of power. But is Savimbi the anti-Communist we think him? And what does UNITA's form of organization suggest about Angola's future?

THE MYSTIQUE OF SAVIMBI

RADEK SIKORSKI

IF IT WERE bigger, I would only be attacking the rearguard, but this one we will destroy completely," Colonel Diogenes Implacável told me without taking his binoculars off a convoy coming down the road.

Implacável is UNITA's commander of the Bié front in central Angola. In front of us stretched a *channa*, a wide clearing overgrown by tall, yellow grass and bisected by the strategic Huambo-Bié highway, the highway that would have to be under firm MPLA control were the Soviet-backed regime ever to launch a new offensive against UNITA. Twenty-one trucks loaded with food, ammunition, and soldiers, escorted by two Soviet BTR armored cars, drove along at the pace of two files of infantry walking beside the convoy. Five hundred and fifty UNITA guerrillas armed with American- and South African-supplied assault rifles, mortars, anti-tank rockets, and anti-aircraft missiles waited in a long line along the southern edge of the road. The assault squad was to open up only when the entire convoy came level with the ambush.

Winter days are short here, so by 3 P.M. the sun was already low, painting the *channa* in mellow orange. I was stealing toward the brow of a hillock overlooking the clearing when a single burst of automatic fire resounded along the road and a few bullets whined quietly over our heads—enemy bullets. Had we been spotted? Was our plan going awry already?

I made to crawl forward to the top of the hillock but at the same instant several powerful hands closed on my legs like steel clamps. Our UNITA minders were being obsessively overprotective of our safety. Over the cacophony of machine-gune fire, the tinny noise of field radios, and platoon commanders yelling hectic orders, came the shrill curses of my colleague, an American girl-photographer, who lay under a pile of four UNITA commandos protecting her from the hazards of battle with such zest that she emerged with a hand broken in two places, a sprained ankle, and serious bruises. Next she was waving her camera like an overhead slingshot, and they threw her on the ground again.

Our escort eventually mastered their initial panic and we went forward. The grass in the *channa* was on fire—the smoke so thick as to dim the sun—and we jumped

through walls of burning undergrowth, running on the charred ground. The heat was so intense I feared my boots would melt.

The enemy infantry had run to the other edge of the bush and was firing at us with light machine guns. We soon learned what had happened. The soldiers in the convoy had spotted UNITA guerrillas hiding in the grass and opened fire. Both BTRs survived our attack—one escaped on the road to Bié and the other found cover in a stream depression and turned its heavy machine gun at us. Like a pneumatic drill, its thumping silenced the lesser noise.

Another hundred yards toward the highway and I made out in the thick smoke the contours of a truck which had been hit and which the guerrillas were looting with gusto. "The BTR is shooting, let's get out of here," one guerrilla shouted. "Never mind, let's get the sausages," the other yelled, motioning toward the Brazilian IFA truck, from which dozens of big white tins had spilled onto the asphalt. Having eaten only rice and canned bully beef for several weeks, we noted the contents of the truck with the joy of highway robbers. Bent double under fire, the guerrillas ran forward for their supper.

SUDDENLY, FOUR MEN emerged through a wall of fire and smoke clutching the corners of a blanket weighted down by a heavy object, which turned out to be our first casualty. Blood spurted forth from the man's chest, and a mask of dust and smoke smeared with sweat gave his face an ashy, deathly pallor. His companions, their dark faces streaming with sweat, their bodies twisted under the load, tried to run, but tripped in lumps of grass. Even so, the rocking of the blanket when his comrades dragged him along the rough ground seemed to give him no more pain.

We inched forward, screaming and jostling with our minders, dodging bursts of bullets, passing groups of guerrillas emerging from the smoke with loot on their heads. When the smoke cleared on the high ground where the asphalt ran, three more dead trucks emerged, bits of their cargo strewn along behind them like guts. One was blazing, and the ammunition inside it exploded with the sound of nails being hammered into a tin. These were small-caliber bullets piercing the sideplates of the truck and fly-

Mr. Sikorski is NR's roving correspondent.

ing off in all directions. The gas tank burst in an orange fireball. Would the heavy shells go off next?

"Come back, come back, don't die for a picture!" our minders shouted in desperation.

A few corpses lay along the other side of the road—one fat as a Sumo wrestler. They wore Korean-made olive and brown camouflage clothes—enemy uniforms. I don't know how, but they already stank of death. The putrid smell of excrement mingled with that of burning diesel fuel and rubber. UNITA men ran up to them under direct fire and grabbed their guns.

The BTR was invisible in the clouds of smoke on the other side of the road, but its heavy machine gun was sweeping the road with a hail of bullets. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a man flip over onto the asphalt not thirty yards away. Slowly it dawned on me that this was not the way one throws oneself down for cover. Soon his raving and moaning confirmed that he had been hit.

"The MiGs will bomb! The BTR is coming! They're counterattacking!" Our minders were running away into the bush. The racket of machine-gun fire was indeed growing and the bullets flew lower and denser over our heads. The enemy got a couple of mortars going, and soon the bursts of shells around us and the screams of our wounded announced that they had found their range. We retreated, since if the enemy retook the high ground of the road we would have been trapped in the kilometer of open space between the road and the bush, in which they would have had a clear field of fire.

IT WAS GETTING DARK by the time a long train of UNITA guerrillas walked down the bush path carrying their booty on their heads. Merry cries proclaimed that eight Kalashnikovs and four new light machine guns were also captured. An old suitcase grabbed from the burning IFA revealed the personnel files of a local party organization. Implacável's radio reports spoke of nine trucks destroyed in all. (I saw four.) Belatedly, he was sparkling with ideas on what he should have done for a complete victory. Had a minefield been laid down the northern side of the road, the enemy, not we, would have been trapped. Our losses were five wounded and one dead. The man who had lost consciousness from the chest wound, and who I thought had no chance, was to recover, but the medic died.

Suddenly, everybody became merry and spoke of the fight as if it had been a schoolboy prank. As tension eased with each step away from the highway we all became unnaturally hilarious. My story of how I kicked one of my minders in the midst of burning grass was welcomed by a roar of laughter as if this was the best anecdote in the world. We were all glad to be alive and now compensated for any sign of fear we may have shown half an hour before. The festive mood continued into the night, as the smell of spices and the sizzling of sausages roasted over fires hovered above our bush camp.

THE AMBUSH was to have been an operation in a larger plan—a lure for the 55th brigade garrisoning the nearby town of Chinguar on the Benguela railway. If the enemy sent a relief force to secure the highway, UNITA was to attack weakened Chinguar itself. I wondered what use Implacável would make of the captured party personnel files. But two days later everything changed. On June 22 UNITA's President Jonas Savimbi shook hands with his MPLA counterpart, Eduardo dos Santos, and the following day the radio announced that UNITA and MPLA delegations were negotiating face to face for the first time in 14 years. A ceasefire was coming into effect at midnight on June 24. We had seen what everybody hoped would be the last battle of the war.

Though it did not go according to plan, the ambush was a success, confirming that UNITA can readily sabotage its enemy's supply routes. The very fact that even in the heart of the country MPLA personnel will travel only in armed convoys which take many days to cover a couple of hundred kilometers testifies to UNITA's stamina. Although the MPLA occupies most cities—including all the provincial capitals—if the fighting resumed UNITA could expect to make gains on the ground once the Cubans withdraw from southern Angola in November. At the very least, UNITA's sixty thousand fighters could, if need be, deny the MPLA a secure grip on the countryside for another 14 years. UNITA cannot be eliminated, and this is surely why the MPLA is negotiating. What an achievement this represents one can appreciate only by looking back to 1975 and 1976 when the Cubans, with Soviet rockets and gunships, pushed Savimbi back into the bush, where he completed his long march with only a few dozen followers.

Today he holds vast stretches of territory in which his troops and trucks can travel in safety. Known to the Portuguese as the "end of the world," Unitaland in southern Angola is perhaps the most impressive guerrilla zone anywhere. Where ten years ago elephants and gazelles roamed virgin bush, today vast logistics bases sprawl, with broad avenues, electricity, and some of the best repair shops in Africa. UNITA doctors and paramedics can successfully perform advanced surgery; UNITA's intelligence service can chart dozens of enemy moves every day; while dozens of UNITA bush schools, though usually with only a blackboard and an enthusiastic teacher for assets, turn out



Jennifer Lawson

graduates with more determination for self-improvement and greater academic qualifications than most American high schools do.

Moreover, slick press releases from UNITA's PR agents, quoting its leaders' earnest statements, promise that this is only the beginning. UNITA says it aspires to nothing less than making Angola the first democratic, free-market country on the continent. With its vast mineral resources, fertile soil, mild climate, and a leadership apparently committed to civilized values, is Angola about to turn into the success story Africa so badly needs?

To justify its \$15-plus million of aid per year, the White House has accepted UNITA's ideals at face value. Though still shunned in European capitals, Savimbi has been feted in Washington as Africa's premier freedom-fighter—the pictures of his meeting with Ronald Reagan, George Bush, and George Shultz in January 1986 adorn every hut in Unitaland. It is largely thanks to U.S. Stingers and TOWs that UNITA is such a formidable force.

However, not all my observations during three months in the bush square with UNITA's high ideals. To begin with, UNITA officers, including top leaders, are compulsive liars—and it's not the innocent bragging one hears in every war zone, but a means of control. Whether it is the whereabouts of Savimbi or of a company commander, instead of pleading honest ignorance or the secrecy of war, UNITA men will lie through their teeth. Traveling with UNITA is like touring a showpiece Soviet collective farm. Everything is perfect, if the guides are to be believed, but if one tries to find out for oneself, going beyond the established program, armed guards will physically stop one "for protection," even when the enemy is five hundred miles away.

Battles and troop movements staged for the camera (on one occasion Colonel Implacável set up an entire artillery position to deceive me: the mortars had only two or three rounds each; real ones would have had at least six); bogus facilities such as the medical center in Jamba where, for the benefit of visitors' cameras, cripples engage in physiotherapy (although according to my companion, a former nurse's aide, the exercises had nothing to do with the injuries for which the men were supposedly being treated); soldiers and officials briefed on how to lie most plausibly—the full list of UNITA Potemkin villages would be too long to quote. Whether concerning the pettiest of details or the weightiest of policy matters, there is a great difference between UNITA's claims of high ideals, openness, and efficiency, and the reality of deceit, manipulation, and sloth. Lying is so pervasive one comes to think that many UNITA officers have not assimilated the concept of integrity or understood the dangers of forfeiting trust.

More seriously still, UNITA's structure and ideology are not as unambiguously democratic and pro-Western as an interview with Savimbi might suggest. Reading Savimbi's articles in the *Salisbury Review* or the *Wall Street*

Journal with titles such as "Don't Sacrifice Angola on the Altar of Socialism," in which he propounds exemplary pro-market ideals, one would think that the vast expanses of Unitaland are an oasis of free enterprise and commercial bustle. Yet in fact Unitaland is—uniquely among war zones I have visited—a currencyless war economy whose extreme centralization would impress a Ligachev or a Honecker. What kind of commercial spirit can have survived in UNITA ranks after 14 years in which the currency of the country has literally been banned (which, among other things, obviously restricts freedom of movement)?

IN THE BEGINNING, there was Savimbi's word, and the word became UNITA. Savimbi stares from photographs on almost every wall. Savimbi slogans adorn every hut. Judging by the content of dozens of UNITA rallies and entertainment programs, Angola has only one noted poet and one lyricist—Jonas Savimbi. Savimbi salutes, Savimbi handshakes, even Savimbi-prescribed burial rites—through the force of his personality he has created an organization whose members think and act in unanimous imitation of the leader. Every quarter of an hour UNITA's "Voice of the Black Cockerel" radio station comes on with Mendelssohn's Wedding March followed by a triumphant citation: "Long live UNITA's great leader, the staunchest patriot, the inspired commander, the scourge of the Cubans and Russians, our beloved president, Comrade Doctor Jonas Malheiro Savimbi." Even his doctorate is an exaggeration—he completed two years of medical studies in Lisbon and then gained a first degree from the University of Lausanne.

Savimbi enjoys extraordinary powers for a democrat. The Mao caps of UNITA troops are not the only idea Savimbi brought from his training at the Nanking Military Academy. UNITA's structure is overtly Leninist, based on the same concept of democratic centralism—with a Congress, a Central Committee, and a Politburo nominally in charge of the party—but these institutions are mere appendages to Savimbi's personal rule. The last UNITA Congress, in 1986, was a farce in which 15,000 people agreed on everything unanimously and elected Savimbi by delirious acclamation

—like the Supreme Soviet in the bad old days. Indeed, Savimbi can hire and fire Central Committee members at will like no Soviet leader since Stalin. Members of tribes other than Savimbi's Ovimbundu do hold high rank in UNITA, but real power rests with Savimbi's own clan within the Ovimbundu, his kinsmen from around Andulo in central Angola. In fact, UNITA is nepo-Leninist, to coin a phrase. Savimbi has appointed to positions of real power members of his own family, either by blood or by marriage. General Ben Ben (the deputy chief of staff), General Bock (the chief of operations), and Colonel Pena (the secretary of economic planning)—UNITA's inner circle—are all Savimbi's nephews. "UNITA, c'est moi," Savimbi can say with more reason than Louis XIV could ever have dreamt of for France.



Jennifer Lawson

Allegations of human-rights abuses within UNITA are too persistent and come from sources too well placed to ignore. Savimbi's former interpreter, Sousa Jamba, and Dinhu Chingunji, the son of UNITA's first chief of staff, allege that Savimbi has over the years eliminated many of his rivals, most gruesomely in September 1983, when 13 people are said to have been burnt alive in Jamba. Witchcraft rather than accusations of revisionism allegedly provides the excuse, a ploy that is said to go down well with the illiterate and still-superstitious peasants. UNITA by evasion refused my proposal to investigate and refute the accusations. The burnings supposedly took place a hundred yards from the quarters where foreign visitors are lodged. It would have been impossible for them to have happened unnoticed by anyone staying there during the relevant period. I suggested that UNITA give me a list of any such visitors; I would then contact them after I left Angola, and ask them whether they had observed anything. The UNITA Politburo members I talked to didn't say the lists weren't available—they just never produced them.

The man who could provide conclusive evidence of what has happened, Brigadier Tito Chingunji, who was UNITA's representative in Washington and helped to get Savimbi into the White House, is said to have been tortured and held in Jamba against his will. (In a letter to a friend in Britain he inserted the phrase, "Doctor Savimbi protects me day and night.") Chingunji's nephew alleges that almost the entire family has been wiped out in Savimbi's vendetta (as a highly educated member of a traditional chief family in the Ovimbundu tribe, Chingunji was a potential rival to Savimbi), and Tito himself was lured back to Jamba only because UNITA held his wife. Members of the UNITA Politburo repeatedly evaded my requests to see him. The CIA officer on the spot thought that the allegations were sufficiently grave to confront Savimbi, after which the officer was withdrawn from Jamba, with the United States apparently bowing to Savimbi's ultimatum. The two defectors and a journalist who revealed the allegations in the Western press have received repeated death threats.

Savimbi has ended up by believing his own propaganda and accepting the cult he has nurtured as a confirmation of his messianic mission. He cannot bear men of independent thought around him, and, instead of sharing our wariness of autocratic power, his officers accord him the reverence due to a traditional despotic African chief.

In short, ideology is something Savimbi can choose like the fashion of his soldiers' uniforms—patterned to please whoever provides the cloth. As one of his wittier slogans proclaims, "Weapons for the liberation of our country don't smell." I use Communist parallels in writing about him with reason: Savimbi was a Communist agitator in his early years in Lisbon, the Communist Party spirited him out of Portugal, he was trained in China, and, UNITA defectors assert, he remains an unrepentant Maoist.

Has he deceived us all these years? Perhaps, perhaps not. He may have undergone a genuine conversion. But what is real is not whatever ideology Savimbi may choose to embrace but his autocratic grip on the people within his domain, a power which he has for a long time used for good, but which he has an unlimited license to use for evil.

It is hard to criticize people who have resisted colonial

and Communist oppression for so long, especially for one who set off for Angola as their sympathizer. It is just that after Lenin, Khomeini, and Ortega, we know that not every opponent of oppression is a freedom-fighter.

By right, Savimbi should have been independent Angola's first president, and had he not been cheated in 1975 he might have become one of Africa's most remarkable statesmen. He had the potential of rising above the common run of presidents-for-life, excellencies, and operatic emperors. If fair elections were held in Angola today Savimbi would almost certainly win. Somehow, though, one wonders whether Savimbi, with his despotic instincts, would have the patience for constitutional niceties. Would he ever relinquish power thereafter?

None of the above goes to say that we have no good geostrategic grounds to back UNITA, or even that UNITA is not by far the lesser evil for Angola. The MPLA is in a league of its own when it comes to doctrinaire policies, collectivist mismanagement, and mindless propaganda. Though under the Portuguese Angola exported coffee, fish, and other food, under the MPLA it spends scarce hard currency on imports—Moroccan sardines, for example, while Soviet trawlers ransack Angola's coastal waters. The Angolan economy, which grew at an impressive rate of 7 per cent per annum in the Sixties, has sunk into oblivion, partly because of the war, and partly because blanket nationalization chased away the technicians needed to run the country's industry. The recent interrogation of General Ochoa in Havana has revealed as much about the Angolan economy as about the probity of Castro's officers: black-marketsteering, smuggling, and extortion flourish in MPLA-run Angola. With 150 new cases of cholera every week, Luanda is hardly a paradise. Party hacks are the only thing in oversupply. Luanda National Radio sounds like Tirana on a bad day—during the ceasefire negotiations, the lying was so thick it was hard to believe Luanda was speaking of the same events as the BBC and VOA. MPLA officers tell their soldiers, in all seriousness, that if captured by UNITA they may fall into the clutches of its fearsome allies, a vicious white tribe called "Americans," who will cook and eat them.

NOW A COMPROMISE between UNITA and the MPLA may be in the offing—and indeed a compromise between these two ramshackle totalitarianisms might create some space in which the Angolan people would have room to breathe. That may well be the nearest approach to freedom and democracy that current African social realities permit.

But more is at stake in this conflict than merely the future politics of Angola. Brezhnev began sending Soviet weapons and advisors to Angola with a view to consolidating this mineral-rich country as a bridgehead to the rest of southern Africa. Preventing this was the logic behind the U.S. support for the South African invasion of Angola in 1975 and the resumption of U.S. aid to UNITA under President Reagan. This logic still holds true.

We may keep Savimbi afloat to deny Angola to our enemies. We may work for UNITA to gain a permanent place in the regional balance of power. We can certainly admire Savimbi's energy, charisma, and craftiness. But let us have no illusions. □

THE DANGERS OF DIALOGUE

WHEN I HEAR the word dialogue I reach for my dogma, says a Catholic friend of the orthodox persuasion. Ecumenical dialogue is often portrayed as a substitute for doctrine and dogma. People who go in for dialogue are worried about imposing their belief on others, which is odd, since they seem to have so little belief to impose. Vibrant faith, we may be inclined to think, does not dialogue. Vibrant faith proclaims, instructs, judges, and persuades. In sum, ecumenical dialogue is a liberal scheme aimed at the evisceration of true religion.

That caricature is based on enough truth to keep it in circulation. The suspicion of ecumenical dialogue between Christians of different denominations is at least doubled when it comes to inter-religious dialogue between Christians and Jews. Of course everyone—well, almost everyone—agrees that Christians and Jews should be nice to one another. Years ago we had the annual Brotherhood Week, when it was good form to take somebody to lunch with whom you would otherwise never think of having lunch. Brotherhood Week dressed up as inter-religious dialogue is still Brotherhood Week, and it has little to do with serious religion.

"Interfaith dialogue begins with faith," the late Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel was fond of saying. Regrettably, much that is called dialogue steers clear of faith, at the beginning, at the end, and all along the way. Some twenty years ago, when people thought dialogue new and exciting, I was on a panel with a rabbi and a Roman Catholic priest. Toward the end, the Monsignor who was moderating the affair exclaimed on the wonder of it. "Isn't this amazing? Here we have a Jewish rabbi, a Lutheran pastor, and a Catholic priest discussing their religious faith. It goes to show that, despite our differences . . ." Here I expected him to say something about

our common faith in the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Jesus. But no. "It goes to show," he said, "that, despite our differences, we are all good Americans."

For this very American Monsignor, our unity was established not by religion but despite religion. Friendly relations were possible on the secular basis of Americanism, which overcomes the dangerously divisive distinctiveness of being Christian or Jew. True dialogue, however, attends to distinctiveness, knowing that our disagreements are often ever so much more interesting than our agreements, knowing that agreements are discovered and tested by working through disagreements. Disagreement, Father John Courtney Murray said, is a rare achievement. Most of what we call disagreement, he added, is merely confusion.

Rabbi Leon Klenicki and I recently wrote *Believing Today: Jew and Christian in Conversation* (Eerdmans). Some critics have said it is too focused on differences between Jews and Christians. Good. First one must be clear about why he is a Christian and not a Jew, and the other why he is a Jew and not a Christian, before we can together be Jew and Christian in conversation. The first danger of dialogue is to rush to agreement, thus obscuring the differences that are the reason for the dialogue in the first place. There are other dangers of dialogue, as we are instructed in an admirable new study by Rabbi David Novak of the University of Virginia. It is called *Jewish-Christian Dialogue: A Jewish Justification* (Oxford), and I will be surprised if it does not move the conversation at least a light year beyond Brotherhood Week.

The three chief dangers of dialogue, according to Novak, are triumphalism, relativism, and syncretism. Triumphalism ends the dialogue by eliminating the dialogue partner, assuming that his inferior truth is to be subsumed by my superior truth. Relativism makes the

dialogue pointless, assuming that there is no binding truth or that we are both really saying the same thing in different ways. Syncretism is the pasting together of pieces of Judaism and pieces of Christianity, producing an ersatz religion that is recognizably neither. Most readers might agree that the second and third of these are dangers, but some will have trouble with the first. Isn't "triumphalism" just a pejorative term for wanting the truth to triumph? No.

Triumphalism is not excessive passion for the truth, for we cannot care too much about truth. Triumphalism is the excessive equation of our convictions with the truth, and any such equation is excessive. Triumphalism, swelled by pride in possessing the truth, knows nothing of faith that is possessed by the truth. Triumphalism seeks to conquer, faith seeks to serve—also by understanding and nurturing the truth by which others are possessed. Jews are, for obvious reasons, more troubled than Christians by triumphalism in the dialogue.

THE DIALOGUE isn't over until it's over. David Novak argues, along with earlier Jewish thinkers, that both Christianity and Judaism are unfinished forms of faith awaiting a promised consummation. In Romans 9 through 11, the Apostle Paul speaks similarly about the continuing "mystery" of living Judaism. Christians cannot compromise the faith by denying their hope that Jews will recognize Jesus as Messiah. However, it is not a compromise of faith but an article of faith that existing Christianity is not the kingdom of God. Conducted in shared expectation of that kingdom, Jewish-Christian dialogue is for the duration. The chief danger of the dialogue is the desire to come to a conclusion before the conclusion written by the Author of our mutual and mysterious entanglement. □

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

ALL AGAINST ALL

Charles R. Kesler

SIXTEEN YEARS after his death, Leo Strauss's influence on the American mind and on American politics continues to grow. His books are more widely read than ever. His students and followers, whose ranks multiply, form not only the most distinguished and combative group of conservatives in the contemporary academy, but also a revolutionary force within American conservatism.

The reasons for Strauss's growing reputation are abundantly clear in this new collection of his essays and lectures. *The Rebirth of Classical Political Rationalism* brings together five of Strauss's previously published articles and five "slightly edited versions" of unpublished lectures. All display the incomparable insight and remarkable range of knowledge that set Strauss's works apart from any other twentieth-century political philosopher's. And the lectures, which capture something of the wit and informality of Strauss the teacher, are especially welcome.

We ought to be grateful to have so many excellent studies conveniently gathered together. The pity is that room could not have been found for one more: Strauss's essay "On the Interpretation of Genesis," his most radical statement on the reasonableness of divine Revelation. In any case, it would have been helpful if Professor Pangle had indicated at what points he edited Strauss's lectures, especially in the light of Strauss's own fidelity to close textual analysis. But such points hardly detract from the merits of a volume that is fresh, profound, challenging, and readable.

Neither Strauss nor his students have escaped the dislike and sometimes hatred of their faculty colleagues. Partly this is because the Straussians challenge the smug relativism of today's academy and endeavor to reconnect specialized inquiries with the permanent, unifying questions of human life. By reviving the serious study of political philosophy, the Straussians

have begun, gradually but inevitably, to have an effect on American political practice. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the most interesting intellectual disputes within American conservatism now involve, directly or indirectly, the Straussian school.

In the 1950s and 1960s, the principal fault line within the conservative movement ran between traditionalists and libertarians. As an intellectual matter, this split is now largely inconsequential. It lives on, in changed form,

The Rebirth of Classical Political Rationalism: An Introduction to the Thought of Leo Strauss, edited by Thomas L. Pangle (University of Chicago, 285 pp., \$45)

only as a stumbling block for the Republican Party, which often finds itself torn between its populist-religious and economic-libertarian wings.

This seeming loss of interest has at least two causes. In the first place, the focus of the traditionalist and libertarian parts of conservatism has changed. The traditionalists' ranks have been swollen by millions of new conservatives outraged by Supreme Court decisions on racial integration, abortion, prayer in schools, pornography, and the like—most of whom are good democrats who have no special love for Anglicanism, agrarianism, or aristocracy. The libertarians have been transformed by the addition of supply-siders and public-choice theorists. A related development, not to be overlooked, is that the wings of the conservative movement have learned from each other. Traditionalists have come to doubt the Federal Government's ability to foster virtue, even as libertarians are waking up to the connection between individual freedom, on the one hand, and personal, family, and community integrity on the other.

The libertarian-traditionalist debate is flagging for another reason as well. To reduce the question of the best political system to the polarity of freedom versus order, as both sides have tended to do, is awfully simplistic. With freedom and order, or even freedom and virtue, ranged against each other, *defined* against each other, the solution to the problem of the most desirable polity seems almost mechanical. One needs only a Laffer-style curve of freedom versus order to select



Karl Swanson

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RANDOM NOTES

□ THE CANDIDATE: If you cringe at the phrase "our society," brace yourself for *Straight Shooting* (due out in October from Harper & Row), by John Silber, the controversial president of Boston University. "Our society is in trouble and we all know it," writes Silber in his introduction. "What are the symptoms that tell us our society is ill?" Modestly subtitled *What's Wrong with America and How to Fix It*, the book offers as answer chapters on everything from America's failing educational system to welfare dependency, excessive regulation, excessive litigation, international competitiveness, and "Principles for Settlement in Central America."

Earlier this year, around the time Silber made headlines by convincing the Massachusetts state legislature to allow BU to take control of a troubled suburban public-school system, *The New York Times Magazine* reported on speculations that Silber might soon be "called" to public service" in the manner of "such extraordinary men as Winston Churchill, George Patton, and Socrates." I asked him if he meant *Straight Shooting* to be a bid for the kind of publicity one needs to answer such a calling. Though he told me he did not, he did say he had thought seriously about running for Ted Kennedy's seat, or perhaps to replace Michael Dukakis as governor. (Silber has shrewdly remained a registered Demo-

crat.) As he put it, "It does surprise me that my suitability for public office has not been more widely noticed." After all, he said, "I have a lot better grasp on what needs to be done to lead this country than the people who are actually doing it."

□ THE OPENING OF THE POLISH MIND: One of the few Nobel laureates for literature in recent years that actually deserve the honor, Czeslaw Milosz is about to receive from his native Poland the recognition his major book has demanded ever since he wrote it in 1951. The book, *The Captive Mind*—which documents the crippling effects produced on the soul by life under Communism—has been banned across Eastern Europe. Recently, though, negotiations in Cracow have produced a breakthrough, allowing *The Captive Mind* to be published there this fall. Reached at home in Berkeley, California, Milosz discounted the importance of the event itself: thanks to the efforts of underground presses, the book has been known to Polish intellectuals for some time. What is important to note, he said, is that, "with some exceptions (you couldn't, for example, say something nasty about Gorbachev or Lenin), in Poland at the present moment censorship has virtually disappeared."

□ MAPPLETHORPE MEMORIES: In the wake of last month's national controversy over government support of Robert Mapplethorpe's photography, one assumed that publishing houses across Manhattan would

scramble to be the first to sign up a full-scale biography of the high-fashion pornographer, who died of AIDS in March. But they had been beaten to it. Patricia Morrisroe—the journalist at *New York* magazine who broke the Bess Myerson story—has been working on such a book for Random House since October.

By the time she begins writing, says Miss Morrisroe, she will have interviewed some two hundred of Mapplethorpe's friends, lovers, and associates. Which will be helpful, since he lived only 42 years; to fill a volume of the girth demanded of celebrity biographies, Miss Morrisroe will have to cushion her account with material about Mapplethorpe's crowd—Patti Smith, Sam Wagstaff, and their friends at the Chelsea Hotel. Miss Morrisroe warns not to expect any lurid revelations; as his photographs demonstrate, during his lifetime Mapplethorpe cared little for privacy, his own or anyone else's. She does, though, promise some piquant details: from Mapplethorpe's origins as the son of a conservative Catholic electrical engineer in Queens, to his membership during the early Sixties in an elite ROTC drill team, the Pershing Rifles, and on through his struggle with AIDS and his final show, which concentrated, appropriately, on photographs of inanimate objects.

According to Miss Morrisroe, her editor at Random House has no plans to speed up the book in order to take advantage of Mapplethorpe's current celebrity. It will appear in 1991. —DAVID KLINGHOFFER

the optimal arrangement. This solution, of course, begs the decisive question. What *kind* of order, what *kind* of freedom is under consideration? Is fascism a form of order, or of disorder? Is Communism (which after all preaches the withering away of the state) the perfection or the negation of freedom? Is American republicanism a happy mixture of tyranny and anarchy, or is it something distinctive and desirable in itself?

In short, the debate requires a more profound consideration of the purposes of human, and humane, freedom and order—or morality—to make any sense. But raising the question "What is morality?" or "What is virtue?" transcends the distinction between freedom and order.

Gradually, then, the libertarian-traditionalist dispute has been eclipsed by two new disputes in which the Straussians have more or less taken center stage. At the risk of some cuteness, we may call these the East-West and North-South disputes.

For the past ten years, the liveliest and most interesting debate within conservatism has raged between two camps of Straussians—the so-called "Western Straussians," clustering around Harry V. Jaffa and the scholars associated with the Claremont Institute, and the "Eastern Straussians," among whose leading figures are Walter Berns, Allan Bloom, and Thomas Pangle (although the distinction is more a state of mind than of geography—there are "Western Straussians" in the East and vice versa). In books, scholarly essays, letters columns, and not least in the pages of *NATIONAL REVIEW*, the two sides have clashed—occasionally with angry words and personal vituperation—over the nature of political philosophy, the character of America, and the status of revealed religion. The majority of Straussians, to be sure, have remained either in the middle or on the sidelines of the disputes, watching them with a mixture of fascination and regret. But however sharp the personal exchanges may have been, the issues

involved are of supreme importance for the future of American conservatism.

Perhaps most profoundly, the disagreement concerns the meaning of political philosophy, the central theme of Strauss's writings. Is political philosophy, as the "Easterners" maintain, a politic presentation of philosophy, basically a way of shielding philosophers' radical questioning from the disapproval of the many, of society? Or is political philosophy meant also and emphatically to offer philosophical guidance for political life? The point at issue is the meaning of the famous "Socratic turn" in philosophy, which boils down to the question of the status of morality. Does the philosopher dwell in a world beyond good and evil, or is morality a good in itself that he too must respect?

Taking morality seriously involves taking patriotism seriously, and so it is not surprising that the most obvious disagreement between the two Straussian camps concerns America. Now,

the Straussians have helped to effect, over the past thirty years, a remarkable revival of scholarship on America, particularly on American political thought. Martin Diamond, Harry Jaffa, and Herbert Storing, to name the most prominent, showed that it was both necessary and proper to try to understand the Founders, Abraham Lincoln, and other American statesmen as they have understood themselves; that the condescending revisionism of Charles A. Beard, Carl Becker, Richard Hofstadter, and other historians would not stand critical scrutiny. Out of this common rejection of Marxist and progressive history, however, has emerged a significant split between the Straussians over what the Founders intended the American way of life to be.

The Eastern Straussians see America as fundamentally "modern," by which they mean that America stands for the renunciation equally of the wisdom of classical political philosophy and of Biblical revelation. Walter Berns, Thomas Pangle, and others assert that America is fundamentally Hobbesian. In other words, America was conceived in hedonism, atheism, and materialism, and dedicated to the pursuit of comfortable self-preservation. However glorious the Founding may have been, the nation organized on this founding principle had sooner or later to abandon all glory in favor of a descent into the life of self-interestedness. As George Will, profoundly influenced by this line of analysis, puts it, America was "ill-founded," doomed to moral and political decay by the logic of its own principles.

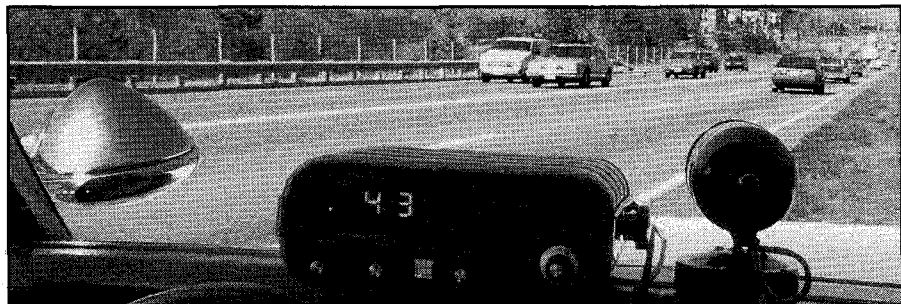
In contrast, the Western Straussians see America as broadly continuous with the classical and Biblical traditions. Indeed, in some respects they see it as perfecting those traditions, giving due public regard for the first time in history to the "laws and nature and of nature's God"—i.e., both to the moral common ground and to the moral and theoretical disagreements between the great defining principles of the West: Reason and Revelation, Athens and Jerusalem.

In the magnanimity of Washington and the other great statesmen of the Founding, Harry Jaffa (and I, among others) find a practical wisdom that is better explained by Aristotle than Hobbes—and that informed the deliberations of the Founders at every step. To be sure, they had read Locke, but

in the commonsense light of Algon Sidney and Richard Hooker, not Hobbes; and they read much else besides: Tacitus, Cicero, and, of course, the Bible.

This is not a dispute over anyone's patriotism, but over how the proper grounds of American patriotism ought to be understood. And that, of course, cannot be a purely academic question. If America were "solid but low," as the Easterners hold, then the interest-

group pluralism of the New Deal and the contemporary welfare state would be about the best one could hope for from our politics. If, on the contrary, America stands for something noble, for constitutional and moral principles transcending private appetites and public entitlements, then one ought to hope and to labor for a genuinely conservative restoration of American self-government. In pondering such a restoration, conservatives have no high-



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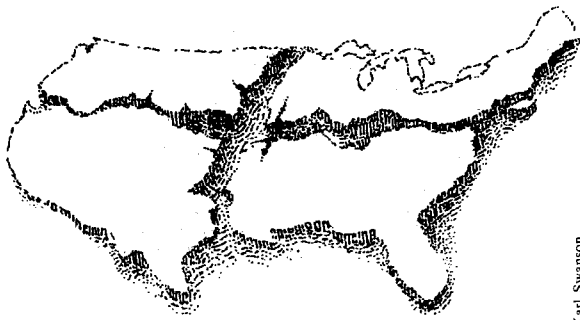
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Karl Swanson

er task than understanding this far-reaching intra-Straussian dialogue.

THE SECOND MAJOR SPLIT within modern conservatism involves the Straussians in a rather different way. For over a decade, the clashes between Harry Jaffa and such partisans of the Confederate cause as Willmoore Kendall and M. E. Bradford have marked the forward lines of the North-South controversy. Jaffa has defended the hallowed ground of reason, equality (of natural rights), Abraham Lincoln, and the Union; Bradford has taken his stand on behalf of tradition, inequality, John C. Calhoun, and states' rights.

Recently, new armies have entered the field. The dispute between "paleo-conservatives" and "neo-conservatives" has generated not only smoke and noise but headlines, on account of Pastor Richard John Neuhaus's expulsion by the "paleo-con" Rockford Institute. Aside from that ungentlemanly action, the debate has centered around "global democracy," "secularism," immigration, and charges of envy and religious bigotry. These bitter disagreements occur in the context of two massive facts. One is that, in abstract terms, the paleo-cons and neo-cons agree on far more than they disagree on. Both sides agree that rationalism in politics leads quickly to Jacobinism; that universal truths of the sort expressed in the Declaration of Independence (or in twentieth-century liberalism: they tend to see the two as continuous) are ultimately destructive of authentic, historically rooted human communities; that history or experience is therefore a better guide than reason in political affairs.

Where paleo-cons and neo-cons disagree is over what is to be done. Strongly influenced by the Eastern Straussians (with whom they overlap), the neo-cons take a more or less Tocquevillian approach, reasoning that

modern capitalist democracy is here to stay, that despite its anomie it has brought substantial benefits, that incremental improvement of our condition is possible and desirable. Their politics tends therefore to be utilitarian and meliorist but also strongly anti-utopian.

Both paleo- and neo-conservatives put a great deal of reliance on the idea of history (as their names, borrowed so to speak from the theory of evolution, attest). But the paleos take pride in looking backward, the neos forward. For the latter, it is liberal democracy's very success—the fact that, however uninspiring it may be, it has outlasted its foes—that proves its superiority; indeed, that makes it worthy and capable of propagation to the rest of the world. For the paleos, democracy's success, no matter how expansive, is hollow precisely because it cannot match the glories of traditional societies, especially that of the Old South. Thus the neo-cons' cautious historicism shades over into a calculating utilitarianism, while the paleo-cons' historicism rejects calculation in favor of a romantic appreciation of passion, the grandeur of the past, personal and national idiosyncrasy.

It is the peculiar nature of this dispute, the fact that the sides have so many premises in common, that helps to account for its second major characteristic: the allegations of nativism and anti-Semitism that color it. In the absence of a clear philosophical difference between the paleos and neos, the obvious ethnic and religious difference between them comes to the fore. That the neo-cons are mostly Jewish, and the paleo-cons emphatically not, is seized upon by both sides in weak moments as the secret explanation of the controversy. Of course, none of the policy questions that are being controverted here (immigration, "global democracy," etc.) can really be reduced to these terms. But the temptation to reduce them will be there so long as better arguments are not forthcoming.

This is particularly the case with the neo-conservatives, who have not responded as well as they should, I think, to the paleo-cons' criticisms. For the real issue is not whether there is

room for Jews in a proper American conservatism, but whether, as the paleo-cons define it, there is room *for America* in conservatism. According to the traditional American understanding proclaimed in the Declaration, all men are created equal, and equally deserve to have their natural rights secured by a just government instituted and operating with the consent of the governed. The first purpose of conservatism would thus be to keep American government just, to make sure that it secures the common good and preserves the rights of its citizens. These rights, deriving from natural right, are based essentially on the citizens' humanity, and have no proper reference to their race, religion, ethnicity, class, or any other secondary or accidental characteristic.

This is not quite the America celebrated by the paleo-cons, who emphasize the regnant inequalities in American life as it has actually been lived. The older traditionalists like Willmoore Kendall were not at home with this America, either, but some of the new or second-generation traditionalists go even further in their rejection of all natural-right arguments. M. E. Bradford is perhaps the best known of these. Whereas most of the older traditionalists (e.g., Kendall, Russell Kirk) saw some harmony—however tenuous—between natural law and tradition or history, Bradford and his followers denounce any appeal to rational, transhistorical principles. To put the difference plainly: whereas Richard M. Weaver traced the decline of the West to William of Occam's *attack* on universals, Bradford blames our current degeneration on the *prevalence* of universals in politics and morals.

Other second-generation traditionalists take a different tack. Thomas Fleming, the editor of the Rockford Institute's *Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture*, understands the natural law not as a law of right reason (as Aquinas did), but as a "law of nature" in the modern scientific or deterministic sense: he uses sociobiology and anthropology to prove that gender and class differences are natural. Attempting to combine traditional natural law with some version of the philosophy of history, Claes Ryn and Paul Gottfried try in different ways to find a philosophical basis for the role of reason within the historical process.

The real issue here is not whether

particular paleo-cons are nativist or anti-Semitic, much less whether particular neo-cons are hypersensitive. Everyone involved in this debate agrees that anti-Semitism is wrong; it is a doctrine without defenders. But this consensus cannot endure if its grounds are allowed to be undermined. Paleo-cons as well as neo-cons have an interest in keeping this consensus and the conservative movement itself intact. The problem is that such vices as anti-Semitism and nativism are a constant temptation whenever virtue goes unexplained and unchampioned. When reason, equality, and natural rights (including the right of religious freedom) are condemned in the name of a monolithic and unrestrained "tradition," the ground for evil has been prepared.

As I say, the neo-conservatives in particular have not been very successful at articulating the larger questions at stake, partly because they have been unwilling to undertake the positive defense of American principles that is required. They need to say in broad daylight *why* nativism and anti-Semitism—errors with which they charge the paleo-conservative movement—are un-American, hence also unconservative. Such a declaration would invite a reconsideration of some of the principles they have shared half-heartedly with the paleo-cons. After all, the neo-cons have always stopped short of the paleo-cons' and the Old Right's open break with Lincoln and his interpretation of the Declaration of Independence. Yet only Jaffa and the Western Straussians have vigorously contested this attack on Lincoln and the role of equality in the American political tradition. The neo-cons, like the Eastern Straussians with whom they have so much in common, have been content to keep their discontents private, and to hope for the best. But the logic of the debate carries it more and more clearly in the direction of the classic North-South struggle within conservatism. And the border states must eventually choose sides.

As American conservatism in all its branches comes to terms with the thought of Leo Strauss, it will also have to come to terms with the principles of natural right in the American political tradition. Certainly there is no more urgent task confronting conservatives than the application of these principles to the civil war within our own ranks. □

MYSTERIES OF THE ORIENT

Peter Brimelow

The Enigma of Japanese Power: People and Politics in a Stateless Nation, by Karel van Wolferen (Knopf, 496 pp., \$24.95)

REMEMBER, as a child, watching a TV science-fiction comedy in which, for reasons of the ridiculous plot, one character was duped into thinking that his spaceship had landed on an alien planet, whereas in fact it had been deposited in a suburban backyard at night. (I said it was ridiculous.) He groped his way into the darkened house, broadcasting a running commentary back to Mission Control, which was in on the joke. Eventually, he reported his way blocked by an extraordinary phenomenon: something like a series of parallel rectangular planes at right angles to each other and stacked each slightly behind the other. "He's reached the stairs," one of the controllers cackled.

I was impressed by the surprisingly subtle point underlying this farcical laugh-line—a point which has particular relevance to anyone groping in a foreign culture. The mind perceives reality by imposing a conceptual framework upon it. Which conceptual framework you choose can radically influence what you see. On occasion, even familiar objects go unrecognized.

For example, it is a commonplace of management literature that American companies are managed from the top down by strong chief executives, whereas Japanese companies are run from the bottom up, with chief executives merely rubber-stamping decisions made by a consensus of their subordinates. But anyone with experience of corporate life will know that the "Japanese" situation is actually far from unknown in America. Initiatives in corporations almost always begin in the lower ranks. Chief executives quite commonly reign rather than rule.

These disturbing thoughts are provoked by Karel van Wolferen's *The*

Mr. Brimelow is a senior editor of Forbes magazine and author of The Patriot Game: Canada and the Canadian Question Revisited (Hoover Institution).

Enigma of Japanese Power, an important analysis of a crucial subject, widely hailed in the U.S. and reportedly a sensation in Japan where the author is a respected Dutch foreign correspondent. Van Wolferen makes a book-length effort to impose his own highly distinctive, and in many ways persuasive, conceptual framework upon Japan. But it leaves the reader uneasy.

Van Wolferen stresses the fundamental continuity of Japanese history. He rejects the view—of which he says former American ambassador and Harvard professor Edwin O. Reischauer was a key proponent—that Japan somehow started evolving toward a modern democracy at the time of the Meiji Restoration in 1868 and then returned to this respectable path following an aberrational twenty-year flirtation with militaristic imperialism that culminated in the catastrophic defeat of World War II.

Instead, van Wolferen argues that Japan is in important respects still an authoritarian society. But no one is fully in control. Japan is a "paralyzed superpower" with its economic throttle

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stuck at full speed ahead while its various potential engineers—Liberal Democratic Party politicians, the bureaucracy, big business, unions, organized farmers, even a few gangster syndicates—cancel each other out. Van Wolferen has a name for their concatenated influence: “The System.” He thinks all of Japanese culture in effect induces acquiescence to the System, extending even to the absence of any strong sense of transcendent order against which earthly rulers can be judged.

Thus for example van Wolferen accepts the conventional view that Japanese corporations are managed bottom-up. But he explains it as a specific case of the extraordinary Japanese phenomenon of pervasive but interactive hierarchy. Rigid seniority systems make it impossible to promote talented subordinates. As a practical matter, however, power is devolved to them anyway. Responsibility gets lost in the shuffle.

The result is a problem both for the U.S. and for Japan. For the U.S., it means there is no easy way to persuade the Japanese to cease and desist from their peculiar neo-mercantilism, the ferocious pursuit of export-led growth combined with effective protection for much of their home market. For Japan, it means an inability to avoid this looming collision with its major trade partner—and a whole complex of internal pathologies, such as low living standards because of politically sacrosanct inefficiencies like agriculture; and what van Wolferen says is the intellectual sterility fostered by an education system that aims at consent rather than creativity.

The System will respond to threats, van Wolferen notes. Japan acceded to the Arab boycott of Israel. For years Japanese newspapers gave only favorable publicity to Mao Tse-tung’s China. But threats are dangerous: “the Japanese System may yet again go through another convulsion caused by an acute sense of confrontation with a hostile world.”

Van Wolferen’s case is impressive. But nagging doubts intrude. After all, a visitor from Mars might very easily apply much of van Wolferen’s analysis to the West. The U.S. in the Vietnam era was quite clearly a “paralyzed superpower,” with responsibility so di-

vided among its elite that the war could neither be avoided nor fought to a successful conclusion. American Presidents, even when as successful as Ronald Reagan, have little more than the limited powers to influence policy that van Wolferen finds shocking in Japanese prime ministers. The *grandes écoles* of France (and Oxford and Cambridge in Britain) play a very similar role in selecting an administrative aristocracy to that of the Universities of Tokyo and Kyoto in Japan. As for the use of culture to induce consent, this is what Marxists have long celebrated as the “dominant-ideology thesis.” I myself have written an entire book about the function of just such an ideological hegemony in suppressing resistance among the herbivorous English Canadians to their Quebec-based governments.

Beyond this, van Wolferen’s concerns are emphatically those of a political scientist rather than an economist. He provides little new insight into the central mystery of

the Japanese economy: how resources are allocated. If it’s done by an alliance of bureaucrats and big business, as he seems to imply, where is the arteriosclerosis that accompanied this approach in Britain? If an unobtrusive price system prevails, as some observers believe, why are these celebrated Japanese institutions so prominent?

Japan poses a second economic question that perhaps has more direct consequences for Americans. Van Wolferen appears to endorse the widespread view that, in increasing exports while restricting imports, Japan is somehow literally conquering its customers. But in terms of free-market principles, this is hard to justify. Japan cannot force foreign consumers to buy its goods: it must offer superior price and quality. If Japan is exporting below cost—“dumping”—it is in effect subsidizing the foreign consumer. This is doubly true if it refuses to buy imports with its accumulating foreign-currency reserves, but instead invests the money abroad directly and indirectly. The complaints of competing foreign industries are a political rather than an economic problem. Overall, Japan’s refusal to import does cause some misallocation of global resources. But the cost falls primarily upon the long-suffering Japanese consumer.

Up to a point, of course, national culture can hold economics at bay—the East Germans, after all, have made a relative success of Communism. And some very weird things certainly go on in Japan—it’s hard to think of a Western parallel to Japan’s gradual abandonment of guns in favor of the sword in the seventeenth century.

Whatever its methods, Japan is a great nation, the only non-European society to have achieved a modernization that is not essentially derivative. This is a profound achievement. It is also one that van Wolferen’s readers could easily miss. □

LOOKING BACK

THE LORD AND THE BARD

Joseph Sobran

BY THE TIME he died, the younger English actors were saying his acting style was “calculated,” mechanical, essentially heartless. It was a style he had invented and perfected and taken beyond all previous ideas of perfection. They might as well denigrate it; there was no hope at all of rivaling him at it.

The chorus of detractors included Olivier himself. “Tricks, my dear fellow,” he told a *Newsweek* interviewer who had asked for the secrets of his art. “Don’t you realize they’re nothing more than tricks?”

But that may have been Olivier playing his longest-running role, World’s Greatest Actor, luxuriating in modesty on a scale only he could afford. After (say) 1964, the year of his *Othello*, not even he could diminish his stature.

He loved to talk about those “tricks,” a thousand of which will remain observable forever, in dozens of filmed performances that will suffice to explain his reputation to future generations. The common principle behind them all is surprise. *Never do what the audience expects*. This underlies the famous sudden rages, the equally sudden flashes of wit, the subtle pauses, the hints of effeminacy that complicated his bounding virility.

“Young man,” an older actress once told him, “you are a gorgeous creature on stage, but you are altogether



too predictable in what you do." For instance, she said, you should pause for breath in the middle of sentences, not at the end. That was the difference between acting and declaiming. "Audiences love to be surprised, to be shocked." He only had to be told once. He would outrage critics, but none of them ever thought to damn him with that single fatal word: "predictable." When his Titus Andronicus received word that his sons had been killed (after he'd allowed his own hand to be chopped off as ransom), he leaned back and laughed softly. How the next Titus played the scene is not recorded.

Electrifying audiences was his trade. He discussed acting, in books and interviews, almost as if it were crowd control. In the great Shakespearean roles, make a quiet opening entrance. Let the audience see you on a human scale first, so they can sympathize with you; save the roaring for later. "If you have succeeded in the initial moments, either by a very strong stamp of characterization so they recognize you as a real guy, or by a quiet approach, then I think there's no end to where you can lead them in size of acting a little later in the evening."

And when your Othello or Lear does roar, he said, you must never quite hit the top of your voice. Always keep something in reserve, never show the audience your limits. You have to seem potentially infinite.

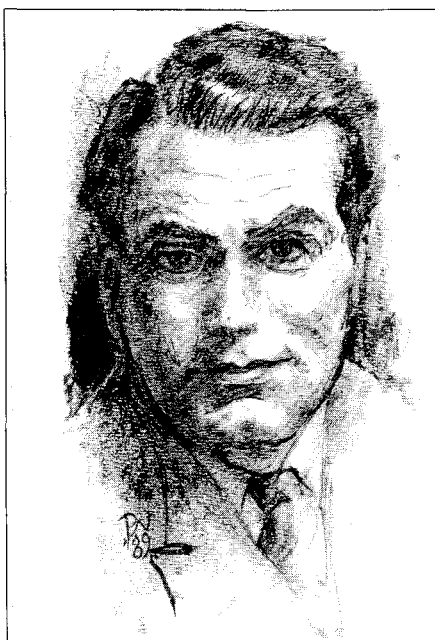
Olivier's preoccupation with externals was notorious: false noses, dyed hair, a rainbow of greasepaints. He derided Method acting. Most of his inspiration went into preparation, conceiving roles anew and then revising every physical detail. All this gave him something solid to fall back on in case of an opening-night adrenaline shortage, which rarely happened. During his Oedipus and Titus, some spectators had to be carried out; medical teams stood by to succor overwrought nervous systems. Such is the magic of great acting, aided by gouged eyeballs and severed hands.

Terror and pity, says Aristotle, are the chemistry of tragedy. Olivier was better at the terror part. He understood audiences; he didn't really understand Shakespeare, except as a motherlode of great opportunities for stardom. His education was on the boards, not in the study. Two of his greatest successes came in two of Shakespeare's

hammiest roles, Titus and Richard III.

Olivier's Richard (filmed and now on a cheap video) is enhanced by the splendid gimmickry of his technique. But the actor's defects show up in his moody, Freudian Hamlet (also on video) and his Othello and Lear (not yet available). These are not only great roles but also, of course, pinnacles of the poetic imagination. For them, trickery won't do.

Olivier played Hamlet under the tutelage of Ernest Jones, Freud's chief English exponent, who planted in Olivier's bleached head the notion that Hamlet was afflicted with an Oedipus



complex, and was thus "a man who could not make up his mind." (You know the type.) This theory explains nothing about the play but does account for the film's interlinear obsession with beds and mother-son smooching—still mildly daring stuff in the Forties.

For Othello, Olivier turned to F. R. Leavis's crabby essay debunking the assumption that the hero is, as his final speech says, "not easily jealous." The essay might do as a courtroom plea by Iago's defense attorney, but it flattens the whole play. Not that Olivier minded: it enabled him to turn the greatest duel in drama into a one-man show. Iago was reduced to a surly prop, hardly necessary to ignite such an emotional self-starter as this volatile Moor (who seemed suspiciously Jamaican). It didn't help matters that Maggie Smith's Desdemona totally lacked the ethereal innocence that can

lift a man's heart to adoration; she was a sturdy English girl who seemed perfectly capable of taking care of herself. It wouldn't have made much difference to this version of the play if she *had* been carrying on with Cassio. Olivier enacted raw jealousy—the wounded male ego in full fury—as nobody else ever will, with full measure of histrionic *frisson*. What he missed was "the pity of it, Iago"—the grief, deeper than any rage, of the man who has glimpsed heaven and lost it.

As always, Olivier had found a novel theatrical angle for his interpretation. He told Kenneth Tynan that "I'm sure Shakespeare meant there to be a great splash of sexual shock" in the interracial union of Othello and Desdemona. So he'd heightened the swaggering negritude, in defiance of the text (which stresses Othello's reserve) but in tune with 1964's topicalities. It never crossed his mind that Shakespeare might have had a purpose beyond wowing 'em. Shocks, thrills, surprises, emotional danger: this was Olivier's art. There's more to Shakespeare's.

His 1983 Lear, made for TV, had his usual physical authority, only slightly diminished by old age. No matter how wrongheadedly he played a Shakespearean role, he fixed his own ineffaceably magnificent image of it in your mind. But this time the quiet opening didn't serve him well. After all, we meet Lear on his worst behavior; as someone has said, Shakespeare doesn't ask our sympathy for him on easy terms. Lear is the consummate tragic hero, whose stubborn will precipitates a terrible fate; he may not deserve it, but he asks for it. Lear is not a victim of circumstance, and in his self-inflicted helplessness he must undergo a tremendous conversion. Olivier's Lear was so ingratiating (and rather weak) in the first scene that there wasn't much call for either his suffering or his change of heart. It was sad, not tragic; not even very moving.

The question is not at all whether Olivier was a great actor, but whether he reached the very highest peaks. To say that he never quite made it is not to belittle what he did achieve. The thrills were genuine, more than the sum of "tricks." (In a way, Archie Rice was Olivier's nightmare, the performer whose tricks all fizzled miserably before empty, silent houses.) As James Agee observed, no actor since

Chaplin was so complete a master of all that the body can contribute to a role. Olivier could speak a line of Shakespeare as if it had just occurred to him; his unique rhythm and energy are as evident in the pianissimo passages as in the Agincourt ripsnorters. He was not only versatile but versatile at a magnitude few actors achieve even once. Being gigantic was the only trick he never managed to explain. □

FILM

BATTING BELOW AVERAGE

John Simon

YOU MUST have noticed that more and more American movies are based on comic strips (the *Superman* series, *Batman*, the upcoming *Dick Tracy*), or on what might as well be comic strips (the *Indiana Jones* series, the so far only two *Ghostbusters*, *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*, and scads more). You will also have noticed how many movies are sequels (the list is endless). What does this mean? It is the sinister confluence of two unwholesome manifestations: rabid nostalgia and a frenzy for playing it safe.

The comic-strip is the epitome of nostalgia, sequels, and playing it close to the vest. The nostalgia is for when one was young and devouring comic strips, sequentiality is built into the daily or weekly comic strip, and what could be financially safer than translation to the big screen—with stars—of a story that delighted fans for decades on end? In the case of *Batman*, there is also a TV version haunting the collective memory. So the public's attitude to this one is roughly what the ancient Greeks' would have been to a movie adaptation of the *Odyssey*. I have seen people in the *Batman* line picnicking on the sidewalk while awaiting their spiritual sustenance.

Well, *Batman* does provide spectacular production design. Gotham City, as dreamed up by Anton Furst, is an amazing amalgam of present-day New York, Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, Victor Hugo's Notre Dame and environs, the Temple of Karnak, Art Deco as Edgar Allan Poe might have conceived it, and perhaps also post-modernism after acid rain has had its well-deserved

way with it. It is a parody city, but with a certain sinister beauty about it as well as genuine horror. Furst is the relatively rare case of an art director who is not only a director of art but also a connoisseur. With sets like these, one could have made an adult movie, perhaps a satirical dystopia that might have commented sardonically, wittily, seriously on the way of our world. What a pity to waste such visual talent—not to mention such money—on a comic strip.

Of course, the film will recoup its investment many times over, and is very likely to become one of the top grossers in cinema annals. But isn't there something truly gross about such unmitigated waste, such downright concupiscent greed? If the history of trash is ever written—and, unbeknown to me, it probably has been already—wouldn't it have to distinguish between trash with some redeeming inventiveness and excitement, and trash of the callously exploitative and predictable sort, such as this *Batman*? (Not having ever caught Bob Kane's cartoon or the campy TV show it generated, I cannot speak about other *Batmen* or *Batmans*.) Will audiences never get tired of invincible Good disguising itself in mask and cape and, with or without a faithful companion (Tonto, Robin, Lois Lane), foiling invincible Evil in the nick of time? And what is so fascinating—except to nerds, who can identify themselves, realistically, with the Clark Kent persona while dreaming themselves into the Other—about the cut-and-dried dual personality of the superman-hero?

And speaking of Robin, he is conspicuous by his absence from the new *Batman*. The thinking was that, in this less innocent age, he would give rise to speculations about a possible homosexual relationship between himself and Batman, or Batman's other persona, the immensely wealthy playboy Bruce Wayne. That at least would have given the movie some crude interest of the do-they-or-don't-they kind. Instead, we get the glamorous photographer Vicki Vale, who is prompt to tumble into bed with Bruce but ex-

cruciatingly slow about deducing his other identity.

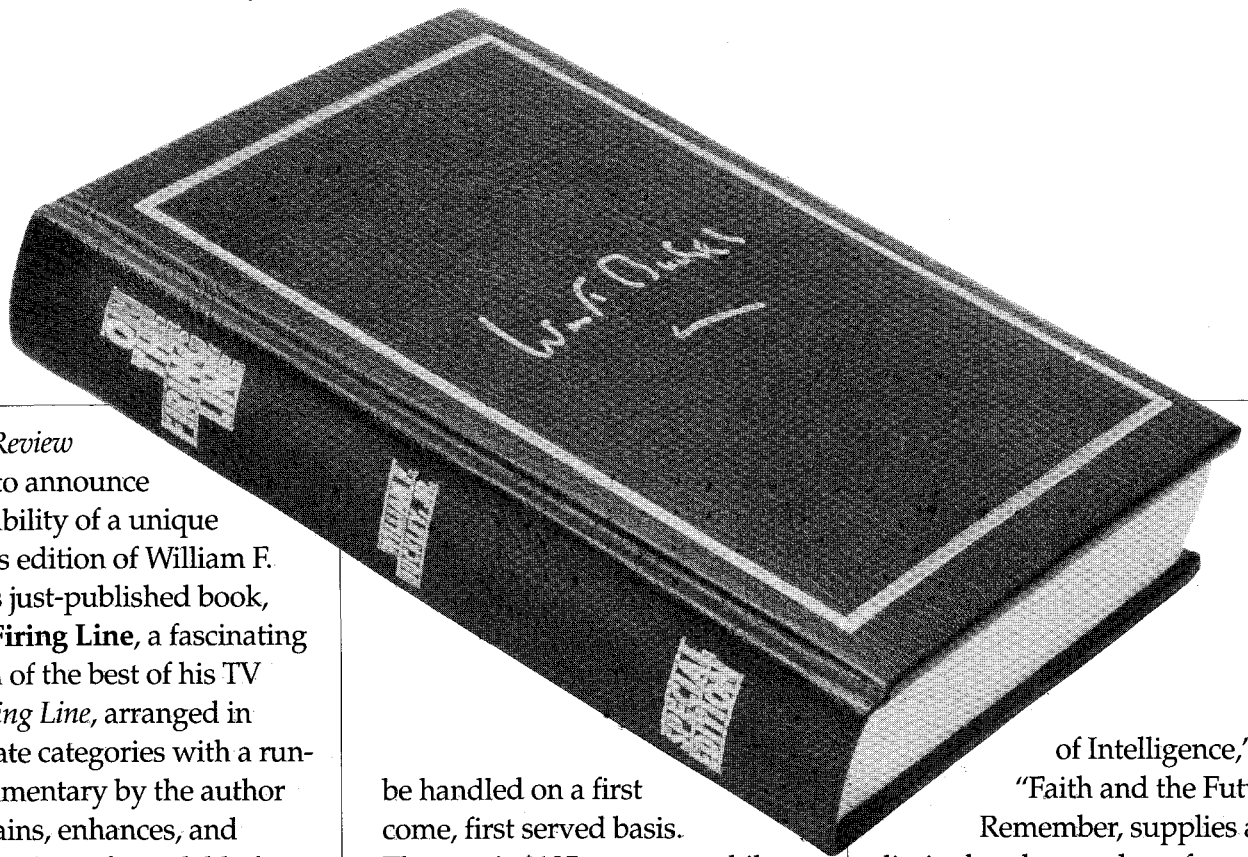
The entire story, after that dalliance, is a protracted coitus semi-interruptus until, at film's end, Vicki is reunited with Bruce. Well, not quite with Bruce, but with his Jeevesian valet/chauffeur, Alfred, and Bruce's Rolls-Royce, comfier than the Batmobile, a product of miscegenation between a Maserati and a finned Cadillac. Alfred makes her get in and assures her that his master will join them presently. Yet the concluding shot offers Bruce still in full Batman regalia, surveying, from the pinnacle of the tallest building, his beloved Gotham City, temporarily purified by him. I am not sure what this mild ambiguity portends; most likely, heaven help us, a sequel.

There are only two scenes in the two-hour movie that have any resonance, and neither of them has anything to do with Michael Keaton, who spends much of his screen time in Batman costume, which exposes (other than those radar eyes) only the tip of his nose, the rosebud mouth (suggestive of Betty Boop or, just possibly, a fruit bat), and the chin, with which he is pretty much forced to lead. The scenes do, however, involve Jack Nicholson, as the petty thief Jack Napier, who, in his other persona, becomes the Joker, the hideously laughing supervillain with the disfigured mouth, supposedly caused by Batman's having tossed him into a vat of boiling, viridescent chemicals, but more plausibly derived from Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui rit* (or its silent-movie version). Nicholson gives an inspired comic-epic performance as the cackling sadist whose rictus would spell the last laugh for the world, were it not for Batman.

In Nicholson's material there is even a smidgen of comic invention by the scenarists, Sam Hamm and Warren Skaaren. (Are these real names? Real people? I'd like to think that they are merely a team of screenwriting jingles. Surely "Warren" and "Skaaren" must be pronounced so as to rhyme, as "Sam" and "Hamm," and "love" and "dove," do.) There is a bit of cleverness in having the Joker poison various cosmetics so that, used in certain combinations, they will induce the same clownish grin as his, followed by swift death. Although such a conceit lacks the minimal illusion of credibility that lends piquancy to the incredible, it is still good for a disgruntled



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guffaw or two. But if Nicholson's performance steadily transcends the Joker's material, nothing much follows suit.

To return, however, to the two scenes that almost do. The first is the one where the Joker and his goons invade the local art museum and, while he sings and cavorts outrageously, deface the masterpieces from all periods hanging there—except for a Francis Bacon, whose work pleases the Joker. There is, thanks largely to Nicholson, a ghastly vandalistic humor to this, but the filmmakers missed a chance to do something positive by not showing Pollocks, Rauschenbergs, Warhols, and the like being defaced.

The other scene of some interest is the dark-garbed Joker's crazed skyscraper-top waltz with the white-clad, fainting Vicki (Kim Basinger), whom he intends to ravish and destroy as he already did a previous girlfriend, played, alas, by Jerry Hall (Mick Jagger's mistress), whose face before disfigurement is not much better than after it. As Nicholson whirls about laughing fiendishly with the limp and all but lifeless Vicki in his malefic arms, it conjures up images of Death and the Maiden, Dr. Miracle and Antonia, Svengali and Trilby, and other mythic or near-mythic archetypes.

The direction by Tim Burton is appropriately slick and mindless. Burton allows the scenarists to come up with several shaggy-dog plot elements (an imminent bicentennial celebration for which the city has no funds, a crusading D.A. who does absolutely nothing, a police commissioner who arbitrarily fades in and out of the action), and he cannot give shape to the material. But that is the occupational hazard in making movies out of comic strips, a non-art form that is all middle and no end. Kim Basinger has been lovelier and more effective in other movies; her main distinction here is that she sheds or loses her shoes in three separate scenes, either because she thinks she is playing Shoeless Joe or because she is taller than her leading man. Jack Palance, Pat Hingle, and especially the good Michael Gough are stuck with no-account roles; as Gotham City's mayor, Lee Wallace is a perfect Ed Koch lookalike, but nothing is made of that, either.

AT THE OTHER END of the spectrum is, or tries to be, a movie such as *Heathers*, a would-be absurdist farce

intended as a send-up of those all high-school films about basically adorable teenagers, with which we associate John Hughes, Molly Ringwald, and a bunch of other names I would gladly never have heard of. Written by Daniel Waters and directed by Michael Lehmann (a director fresh from television who gives the movie a typical TV look—mostly static scenes in confined, box-like spaces). *Heathers* concerns a small-town high school in which three snooty, amoral girls, all fashionably named Heather (wouldn't Kimberly or Tiffany have been apter?), dominate the scene and bully other students, especially girls of the nerdish sort (nerdettes?).

The film means to be a black comedy in which Veronica (Winona Ryder), a pretty and normal girl, falls under the Heathers' influence, then, disgusted, joins with her new and truly weird boyfriend, JD (played by Christian Slater as a juvenile Jack Nicholson), in wreaking havoc first on the Heathers, then on the entire school. But the earlier parts of the film are black without being very comedic, and the last part loses its nerve and is neither black nor a comedy. It turns into a conventional mad-fiend-and-near-disaster movie, which, moreover, is full of logical holes and empty of characters we can sympathize with. Still, in these days of formulaic conformity, the mere fact that *Heathers* strikes superficially different attitudes earns it the kudos of a genuinely original film. □



What made this year's Cliburn sizzle was the return to the contest circuit of the Soviets, now freer to roam westward in these days of *glasnost*. Let's face it—the Russians have long produced most of the world's foremost keyboard virtuosos, from Anton Rubinstein to Vladimir Horowitz and Sviatoslav Richter.

The last decade has brought a resurgence of Russian pianism with an exhilarating crop of artists that includes Andrei Gavrilov, Aleksandr Toradze, Vladimir Viardo, and that Soviet *Wunderkind* Yevgeny Kissin, 17 years old and just being discovered in the West. To their names add those of Aleksei Sultanov, who won the gold medal at this year's Cliburn, and Aleksandr Shtarkman, who was inexplicably consigned to fourth place by the Cliburn's erratic jury, but who is easily Sultanov's equal as a technician and his better as a musician.

That Sultanov won was in itself a sort of Western version of *glasnost* as far as the contest world is concerned. Competition juries, with rare exceptions, tend to prefer the safe, middle-of-the-road pianist who is neatly manicured in technique and who offends no one musically. This year's Cliburn jury, however, was given a mandate to come up with someone it could believe in as a pianist and who had unmistakable audience appeal. Sultanov was a natural—a 19-year-old, five-foot-three-inch Roman candle capable of lighting up the night with showers of multicolored sparks. His fingers seemed never to tire or falter. Anything anyone else did at the Cliburn, he did with greater agility, security, clarity, and visceral excitement. The critics will crucify him, but audiences will love him.

While I wanted Shtarkman to get the gold, because of his more creative mind and the greater expressiveness of his playing, I understand Sultanov's win. What I will never understand is why the jury demoted the 21-year-old Shtarkman to a spot below Brazil's José Carlos Cocarelli (the sort of pianist who would have won first prize had the Russians stayed home), and an ill-equipped, workaday pianist from Italy, Benedetto Lupo.

More, I am certain, will be heard of Shtarkman in the years ahead, as of

MUSIC

FACES IN THE CROWD

John Ardoin

THE SUMMER began for me with an onslaught of 38 pianists from all points of the compass. They descended on Fort Worth, Texas, at the end of May for the eighth Van Cliburn International Piano Competition. Begun 27 years ago to honor one of America's authentic musical heroes, the Cliburn has grown to the point that its only real rivals are Moscow's Tchaikovsky Competition and Warsaw's Chopin.

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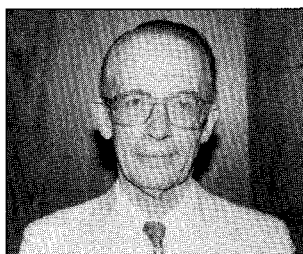
From September 14th to the 17th, the Mount Vernon Ladies Association will join with the Founders Society of the American Studies Center to co-sponsor a conference titled "George Washington and the American Presidency."

The conference will take place in Alexandria, Virginia, and in nearby Mount Vernon, and will feature presentations by leading Washington historians and scholars who will bring to life Washington the man, the soldier, the farmer, and the President.

In addition to the formal sessions there will be a number of special events including a Congressional reception on Capitol Hill, a reception at Alexandria's historic Gadsby's Tavern, a choral evensong at Christ Church, and a special tour of "George Washington's Alexandria"

led by Clement Conger, curator, the U.S. Department of State.

The highlight of the conference will be a gala dinner at Mount Vernon. Guests will be invited to stroll through



*John A. Washington, Chairman
The Founders Society*

the mansion, have drinks on the piazza, and dine in a setting of unparalleled beauty. Music will be provided by a bagpipe unit, the Army's Old Guard Fife and Drum Corps and The Sea

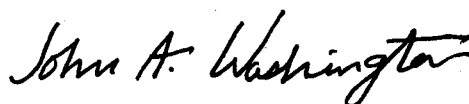
Chanters of the Navy Band. The evening will end with a dramatic fireworks display over the Potomac River.

"George Washington and the American Presidency" promises to be a memorable, even historic, event and I am inviting you to be a part of it.

You can register for the conference, dinner, or both by sending in the reply form on this page.

I hope to see you at Mount Vernon in September.

Sincerely,



*John A. Washington
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the extraordinarily original mind of Portugal's Pedro Burmester, who failed to advance beyond the semifinals, yet who already has a major recording contract and enough important engagements to lay the foundation for a fine career. At times such as this, I remind myself that Art Tatum never won the Down Beat Award, Ravel was twice denied the Prix de Rome, and Richard Burton missed out on an Oscar.

As for the vast majority of the remaining hopefuls who made the trek to Fort Worth from China, Canada, Yugoslavia, France, West Germany, and elsewhere, most were immaculately trained keyboard athletes with little or nothing to say. As I listened to them over the two weeks of the Cliburn, I was reminded of something Bruno Walter once said when asked if he felt that self-effacement is needed to achieve a perfect performance. His reply: "I think just the opposite is true. I think that the ego of the performer must be at the peak of its power. The process which precedes a performance is a process of identification between the performer and the composer. Instead of self-effacement, a performer must give his passion to present the passion of the composer, his sadness to present the composer's sadness, his hilarity to present the composer's hilarity.

"The more his ego is near to the composer's ego, the better he can do this. Both must be one. It is a new oneness, a complete unity, and it is attainable only by the highest display of the performer's own personality."

This identification, this exercising of personality as part of a performer's birthright and duty to music, constitutes the very essence of the musical adventure. There is no *Robert's Rules of Order* when it comes to performance, no "correct," "authentic" way to play a given piece. If there were, every performance of, say, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony would sound alike. What a bleak world that would be.

The problem these days, exemplified by the horde of Cliburn contestants as well as by many established professionals, is that, because of a lack of initiative and ego in our age of instant communication, most music-making sounds more uniform and internationalized than ever before.

This wasn't true as recently as 25 years ago, when giants still walked the earth in the form of Leopold Stokow-

ski, Maria Callas, and Jascha Heifetz. You might have preferred one of them to another, but so strong was their will, so illuminating was their manner, that a definite style of performance could be ascribed to each. There was no mistaking an Anna Moffo for a Callas or a Zubin Mehta for a Stokowski. We have gone from distinct profiles to faceless entities. An original still crops up now and then—Mitsuko Uchida, for example, or Gidon Kremer—yet in the dark recesses of my mind, I wonder how far either would get in a competition before offending the jury.

The times are different, people keep telling me; old values are dated, emotion is passé; objectivity is the marching order these days. But music hasn't changed: we have—through self-consciousness, through the idea that subjectivity is self-indulgent, that conviction and deep-rooted feelings have little meaning compared to the verity of a printed score. It's not a world I feel all that comfortable in.

I hear a lot of talk about an audience problem. Frankly, I think most audiences are downright heroic considering what they are asked to put up with. I believe the public is starved for real personalities in nearly every field, and as far as music goes, it attends concerts and opera in the hope that one will suddenly materialize and make sense of the whole ritual.

Yes, there is a crisis in so-called "serious" music. But I think we are looking on the wrong side of the footlights for the answer. The crisis is onstage, and marketing events like the Cliburn do little to ease that persistent, empty feeling that gnaws away in the pit of my stomach. □

THE GIMLET EYE

WRITING FOR TELEVISION

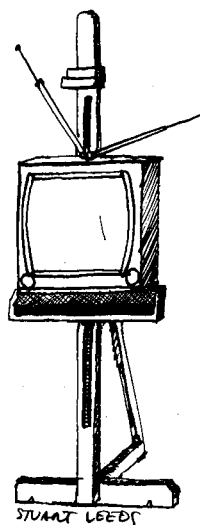
D. Keith Mano

I have been trying of late to make a modest career as a Hollywood teleplay writer. Now, one might think that having seven novels in print would impress Los Angeles. One would be wrong. Since 1970 my fiction had been

represented by a powerful Hollywood agent. Could he please try to get me some TV work? He could not. "Impossible," this agent would say. "Out here you're an unknown quantity." Seven million words published—fiction and non-fiction—and to Hollywood I might as well have been a Finno-Ugric poet. So how, you ask, did this TV career of mine begin? In the best Hollywood tradition. Through connections.

My wife the actress knew Tom Fontana, producer-writer of *St. Elsewhere*. This is a little like going from lay brother to cardinal without ordination: *St. Elsewhere*, after all, has been one of the few literate, riskful episodic TV shows. I flew west (New York people pay their own air fare) to attend my first story conference. In L.A., Fontana and his crew gave me four plot lines (Episode 14, 1986), each with a brief scene breakdown. I flew home, spent all of one short week constructing the episode, and flew back for a rewrite conference. I didn't even have to interweave my story lines: that, they told me, could be done more conveniently at the studio. Compared to writing declarative prose, it was easy. Compared to writing declarative prose, having a catheter in your head is easy.

Since before *Caption Video* TV has been collaborative work. Except for those few who produce their own material, writers in Hollywood are powerless and just tolerated: they have about as much sense of identity or personal voice as an individual salmon would in salmon mousse. (You've heard about the Polish starlet? So dumb she slept with a writer.) In part this is because there are several overlapping categories of writer on your standard episodic TV show. A credit roll up front may say "written by"—in this case that would be Fontana and his crew, those who invent plot and character for the entire series. "Teleplay by" is me with my elaborated story outline. A closing credit roll will list two or three "story edi-



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tors." Story editors (they often serve in the "writer" bracket as well) take my teleplay and rework it for actual production. They get paid a thyroidal amount—because ulcer damage and neurasthenic trauma can be expensive.

What I've learned already about writing for TV:

It's fun (as far as any sort of writing can be fun). You lay color down in broad, not to say naïve, thumb-strokes—and with the pleasure that some ingenious acrostic maker might understand. How, for instance, to remove an entire plot line—because production can only afford a Pacific tide pool for the tsunami shipwreck scene—and replace it without otherwise discomposing your script.

That first draft is good enough—they'll make you rewrite the damn thing anyhow. In fact, don't be surprised if *not one single word* of your script airs: it'll still have your name on it. Certainly no credit will be given for elegant diction or high metaphor. TV writers compete, I think, in the least-literate-stage-direction contest. ("Ellen enters. Bob's POV. She radiates bimbo.") For an anal writer like myself this is marvelously liberating.

Don't expect praise: never take criticism personally. They don't praise you in L.A., they pay you. You're just an employee. By comparison New York publishers praise often and hard—this is much cheaper than putting an ad for your novel in the *New York Times Book Review*.

Never mention that you read NATIONAL REVIEW.

God must've been a scriptwriter. How else can you account for this fact: a single 8½" × 11" typewritten page (in use long before film was invented) equals *exactly* one minute of screen time—no matter how much dialogue or scene exposition there may be on it. The loaves and the fishes were parlor magic by comparison.

In Hollywood it is probably more important to speak well than to write well. Just before Christmas I got my first TV pilot sitcom assignment. The producers and I *pitched* our concept to ABC. Pitching is a television ritual. No one in L.A., as you've no doubt heard, reads if he or she can avoid it. Instead, a writer must act out his concept. At ABC that day the reception area held several pitch squads in rehearsal. ("You pick it up from here, Julie. Ta-dah, Hubert comes in. And

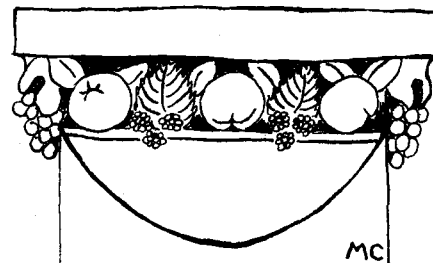
what does he see—big, slow double-take—he sees his boss, Mr. Testosterone himself, dressed like Carmen Miranda. Freeze frame and out.") In Hollywood a mute is a lousy writer.

My hardcover publisher wrote me last spring. Well, he said, your name has become so indelibly associated with "serious" fiction that we can no longer market it. Why not write something more commercial under a pseudonym? Well, no thank you. I realize, of course, that the publishing industry has undergone a prolonged financial crisis. But it isn't writers who will be hurt by all this new corporate bottom-line discipline. In one week on *St. Elsewhere* I made twice what I earned in a decade writing my last novel. Whether D. Keith Mano can afford to produce another book is unimportant, and I don't favor state sponsorship of fiction. But both New York and L.A. had better begin making provision for their futures. Film and TV depend, yes, on "literature"—the idiosyncratic free expression of imaginative minds creating for their own peculiar delight. In shorter time than you might expect, the backlog of adaptable fiction will be exhausted. Serious young writers, finding their work unmarketable, will (like serious New York stage actors) head directly to Hollywood. Where they will get rich. And, before long, every new idea we have will be an idea "Made for TV." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Soviet Military Power: The Pentagon's Propaganda Document, Annotated and Corrected, by Tom Gervasi (Vintage, 160 pp, \$14.95)

TOM GERVASI's stated purpose in this book is to subject the 1987 edition of the DOD's annual "Soviet Military Power" report to what he calls annotations and corrections. While it might be valuable for somebody really to do that (and for the Pentagon to know that it will be done), Gervasi is the wrong man for the job. It's impossible to analyze all of the thousands of annotations, so a review should look at the most important numbers. Total nuclear warheads is one gross measure of military might, and when the DOD wrote that "The Soviet Union now



has about ten thousand deployed intercontinental strategic nuclear weapons," Gervasi objected: "Wrong. They currently can deliver 8,360 strategic warheads and bombs," adding that by 1988 they would have 8,856. Inconveniently for Gervasi, the Soviets publicly agree with the Pentagon: Defense Minister Yazov (*Pravda*, February 8, 1988) gave as the "total charges on strategic carriers" the figure of "approximately ten thousand." A second example of Gervasi's errors involves the issue of main battle tanks in NATO and the Warsaw Pact. For years the Soviets denied any disparity, and Gervasi echoes them. On page 93 the DOD lists 24,250 NATO tanks facing 52,000 Soviet-bloc tanks, and Gervasi disagrees: "NATO could place only 18,700 tanks in combat, the Warsaw Pact 24,500." Gervasi's figure for the imbalance is thus around six thousand. Yazov has also confirmed DOD claims of a gross imbalance, admitting that Moscow had twenty thousand more tanks available than NATO. Gervasi frequently fantasizes non-existent U.S. capabilities in order to downplay Soviet advantages. As part of his "proof" that the 1983 KAL-007 tragedy was a U.S. plot, he writes: "An over-the-horizon backscatter (OTH-B) radar called Cobra Talon, located on the island of Shemya in the Aleutians, was able to track Flight 7 through its entire journey into Soviet airspace." But there is no OTH-B radar of any name on Shemya or anywhere else in Alaska, and "Cobra Talon" was the name of a radar in the Philippines used to track Soviet and Chinese missile activity. As recently as February 16, 1988, the Soviet analyst D. Belsky in *Red Star* was attacking Cobra Talon "at San Miguel, Luzon," as part of Reagan's "Star Wars"—he, unlike Gervasi, had the location and tracking targets correct. Gervasi seems to have simply made up the Alaskan location and the mission. It's not hard to see why he is one of Moscow's favorite defense commentators. JAMES E. OBERG

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OWEN LATTIMORE AND THE 'COLD WAR'

NEW YORK, JULY 12

MR. TOM WICKER, a columnist for the *New York Times*, has published a piece in which he defends the late Owen Lattimore against charges made against him in the early Fifties, charges reiterated in this space [see *NR*, July 14]. Mr. Wicker writes, "Mr. Buckley's column was in every [significant] respect a performance worthy of its author's mentor, Joe McCarthy, and a revived smear of a dead man more than thirty years after his name was, or should have been, cleared."

Now, Joe McCarthy has been dead for 32 years, during which I have been very active. I cannot remember, during those 32 years, imputing pro-Communism to more than, oh, four? five? people, in each case only if evidence was overwhelming that they were—pro-Communist. I assume that a Communist is pro-Communist, though Mr. Wicker sometimes sounds as though it would be an act of McCarthyism to impute pro-Communism to Stalin, let alone Gorbachev.

But Wicker engages in more, merely, than a quarrel over Owen Lattimore. He wishes nothing less than to declare the cold war a great historical act of fiction. To this end he pulls out of a eulogy to Lattimore, by a former publisher of *Science* magazine, the words, "[Owen Lattimore was] a hero of the McCarthy era" who exposed "at its very onset the delusion of the cold war . . . no global, monolithic conspiracy threatened our security."

In a way, Tom's right. If there was no cold war—no conspiracy to threaten our security or that of our allies—then we should not have bothered to inquire into the activities of Owen Lattimore. But there were those who—reviewing the record of Lattimore, which included 11 days of interrogation by the chief counsel of a Senate committee—came to certain conclusions about him which Mr. Wicker now suggests were surrealistic at best, iniquitous at worst.

Wicker's handling of that committee's findings is such as to suggest that everybody involved was in a sense an agent of McCarthy, or of McCarthyism. Mr. Wicker has discovered (since his initial column on

Lattimore) that Lattimore's legal problems did not, as he at first wrote, trace back to the Tydings-McCarthy Committee, but rather to the McCarran Committee, which held its hearings two years later. I have "a right" to my "views," Mr. Wicker concedes—"but not to such obfuscatory omissions as that the McCarran Committee's Democratic majority included the likes of James O. Eastland of Mississippi and William Jenner of Indiana, hand-picked by the Red-baiting chairman."

Now just to begin with, William Jenner was a Republican, not a Democrat. So who else agreed that Lattimore was a Communist, after months and months of hearings? Harley Kilgore of West Virginia—a liberal. Warren Magnuson of Washington—he died just a few weeks ago and was hailed as one of the staunchest liberals in postwar political America. Anybody else? Estes Kefauver—he ran for Vice President under Adlai Stevenson, and if Estes was a closet McCarthyite, it is a very well-kept secret. And there was Willis Smith of North Carolina, who was once the head of the American Bar Association.

The chief Republican was a Wisconsin liberal, Alexander Wiley, who often opposed the junior senator, Joe. Another Republican was William Langer of North Dakota, a moderate; and there was Arthur Watkins, who headed up the Senate committee that two years later condemned Joe McCarthy. It is the implicit point of Tom Wicker and a few others that these gentlemen, after producing a dozen volumes of testimony on the Institute of Pacific Relations, were wrong when they voted unanimously that "Owen Lattimore was, from some time beginning in the 1930s, a conscious articulate instrument of the Soviet

conspiracy." When they ruled that "Owen Lattimore testified falsely before the subcommittee with reference to at least five separate matters that were relevant to the inquiry and substantial in import." When they ruled that "Many of the persons active in and around the IPR, and in particular though not exclusively Owen Lattimore . . . knowingly and deliberately used the language of books and articles which they wrote or edited in an attempt to influence the American public by means of pro-Communist or pro-Soviet content of such writings."

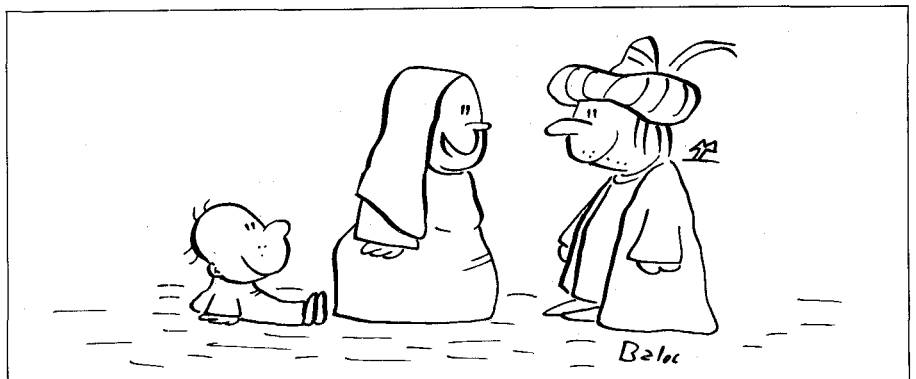
And when they unanimously recommended "that the Department of Justice submit to a grand jury the question of whether perjury has been committed before the subcommittee by Owen Lattimore." □

LATTIMORE & WICKER

NEW YORK, JULY 14

TOM WICKER's exoneration of Owen Lattimore rests on the simple fact that the indictment of him for perjury was overthrown by federal judge Luther Youngdahl. He quotes Judge Youngdahl as saying that the perjury charges against Lattimore were "so formless and obscure" that to bring him to trial on them would make "a sham of the Sixth Amendment." That's the amendment that confirms the rights of defendants.

Here is what Wicker does not tell his readers: 1) In 1953, Judge Youngdahl threw out four of the seven perjury counts handed down by a grand jury against Lattimore. 2) The Court of Appeals ordered



"He chanted his first anti-American slogan today!"

the reinstatement of two of the four. 3) The government moved to consolidate all the remaining counts. 4) Judge Youngdahl ruled to dismiss the fresh indictments. 5) The Court of Appeals sustained Judge Youngdahl by a vote of 2 to 1. 6) The judges of the Court of Appeals agreed to review en banc (i.e., with the full court sitting) the verdict of their divided three-man panel—and split equally. Four to four. It is an irony that the ninth judge, who did not participate in the final vote because of indisposition, was the dissenter in the 2 to 1 ruling. So that, in fact, we know that a majority of the judges on the Court of Appeals thought the indictments for perjury of Owen Lattimore were indeed constitutional.

The difficulty the prosecution had was in its initial reliance on the word “sympathizing”—as in “sympathizing with the Communist line.” The word was held to be too flimsy to support an indictment.

Now this may be the case legally, though, as we have seen, a majority of the judges thought the surviving counts against Lattimore sufficient to take him to trial. But intellectually, the case against Lattimore is ignored, mostly by the kind of people who have always been skeptical of the aggressive intentions against the West by Soviet sympathizers. They would prefer, as Wicker suggests he prefers, to doubt that there was a cold war in the first instance. If the United States and the Soviet Union were never really at odds, then how can one support the contention that an American was on “their” side, if there was, indeed, no “their” there?

Before Lattimore even arrived before the Senate committee that unanimously concluded that he had been a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy, Lattimore had testified before the friendly Tydings Committee, whose overwhelming concern was to discredit Joe McCarthy.

Here is a pastiche of Lattimore’s testimony when asked about his associates in the Institute of Pacific Relations: Frederick Vanderbilt Field—a Communist who wrote for the *Daily Worker*: “As far as I knew . . . he was rather a liberal young man.” Philip Jaffe—who had been caught transferring documents to Communist operatives: “one of those Americans who had a very bright and open view of the democratic nature of the Communists in China, but I had no reason to believe that he was himself a Communist.” Agnes Smedley—a devoted Communist who asked that a Communist general bury her ashes in China: “She is not and never could be a Communist.” Nym Wales—a professional Soviet apologist: “I have no reason to believe that she is or was a Communist.” Chao-ting Chi: “I don’t know that he is in fact a Communist [even] now.”

That was too much for Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, who asked: “Is there any

doubt in your mind that he would be here as the proposed representative of Communist China to the United Nations if he is not a Communist?” “It is possible, Senator.”

Owen Lattimore’s vision had been bad for many years. He pronounced the Moscow show trials “a triumph of democracy.”

I swear, nothing McCarthy ever did—and he did many indefensible things—can ever compare with the lengths to which his enemies went and continue to go. Bertrand Russell actually said that McCarthy had made it unsafe for Americans to read Thomas Jefferson. Robert Hutchins actually said that so cowed were we all by McCarthy that it took courage to contribute support to Harvard University. And now Tom Wicker, defending Owen Lattimore, concludes that the cold war was itself a delusion.

A delusion like the Berlin Wall. □

THE CONFUSION OF JUSTICE BLACKMUN

NEW YORK, JULY 10

IT IS INSTRUCTIVE to read Supreme Court Justices writing about each other. They can make the John Birch Society sound like a bunch of courtiers. In the recent decision on the abortion case, Justice Blackmun writes as though his colleagues were engaged in a conspiracy to destroy the Bill of Rights, the Statue of Liberty, and the Lincoln Memorial.

Granted, Mr. Blackmun feels an author’s pride in the discovery a) of a constitutional right of privacy; and b) of a corollary right of the mother to destroy the unborn child. If he had discovered the right to a minimum wage, he’d have reacted to a Congress that repealed or modified such a right as da Vinci would have to someone who set out to touch up the *Mona Lisa*.

Given that the fight over abortion is at one level a political fight (whether a citizen has a right or doesn’t have it to do anything at all is a political decision de facto), the temptation to exaggerate, even at the risk of contradiction, is very strong. Mr. Blackmun begins by saying that the Court hasn’t in fact made “a single, even incremental change in the law of abortion” two paragraphs before intoning that “with feigned restraint, the plurality announces that its analysis leaves *Roe* ‘undisturbed,’ albeit ‘modif[ied] and narrow[ed].’ But this disclaimer is totally meaningless.” Then he fires his Big Berthas: “I fear for the future. I fear for the liberty and equality of the millions of women who have lived and come of age in the 16 years since *Roe* was decided. I fear for the integrity of, and public esteem for, this Court.”

There are those of us who fear for Mr. Blackmun’s power to reason.

It is not really complacent to insist that the United States was hospitable to liberty and equality before January 1973, when Mr. Blackmun and the majority discovered that developing human beings became legitimate objects of state concern only in the third trimester of their gestation. Since 1973 two developments have run parallel courses, egging each other on. The first is deep scientific inquiries into the viability of the fetus. It is established now, much more clearly than 16 years ago, that the fetus, by any measurement, is a developing human being and as such a plausible contender for the right to protection: even as an infant, who is a developing child, and a child, who is a developing adult, are both entitled to protections of various kinds—graduating protections, to be sure, culminating in the right to buy whisky, which comes in most states after the right to drive a car, to enlist in the army, to vote, and to marry. If a fetus were nurtured in a test tube, it would be difficult to marshal arguments giving anyone the right to interrupt the flow of nutriment to it. Given that in such a condition it assumes a particularity as a developing human being entitled to protection, the contention that when the vehicle of that development is the mother’s womb, not the test tube, the fetus is no more the concern of protective legislation than a tomato, is difficult to maintain. Mr. Blackmun (and many of those who follow him) talks about the woman’s sovereignty in controlling the “quintessentially intimate, personal, and life-direction decision whether to carry a fetus to term.” It is instructive to remember that exactly such thought was relied upon 150 years ago in asserting the rights of the slave-master. Somewhere along the way, the thinking moral population discovered that black men and women were also human beings.

SO, IN PARALLEL, an evolution in moral perception is happening in America. The fetus is being gradually discovered as a developing human being. Twice as many people now disapprove of abortion as approve of it, though the majority is ambivalent on what exactly should be done to protect the developing human being. Justice Blackmun restricts his moral vision by suggesting that the right of the mother over the fetus is “quintessentially intimate.” Does he mean unique? How can it be distinctively intimate if the other figure is in any sense human? The law is generally best kept out of the bedroom, true: but not always. A policeman is welcome to interfere with a father sodomizing his daughter or brutalizing his wife. That abortion clinics do their job as neatly as crematoriums doesn’t affect the moral nature of the transaction. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

- A. Where billiards is played (2 words) G A M E R O O M
48 102 83 62 2 125 31 171
- B. Mercy killing E U T H A N A S I A
84 107 149 61 170 17 136 123 41 27
- C. Turkish footstool O T T O M A N
70 178 129 12 93 148 85
- D. Meditation, Guernsey style R U M I N A T I O N
111 66 175 145 42 82 152 120 38 139
- E. How a certain Disney character might kill time (2 words) G O O F O F F
4 138 92 165 46 59 73
- F. Freddy Krueger's "haunt" E L M S T R E E T
176 179 87 106 169 56 26 9 124
- G. Poet W O R D S M I T H
181 126 79 174 53 28 142 60 13
- H. The best of them are often not enough I N T E N T I O N S
69 162 121 135 51 39 151 5 14 168
- I. Communism's favored medical procedure L O B O T O M Y
8 110 157 100 163 72 25 57
- J. A contortionist should be this (2 words) L O O S E J O I N T
155 58 35 20 117 11 104 78 173 43
E D
97 65

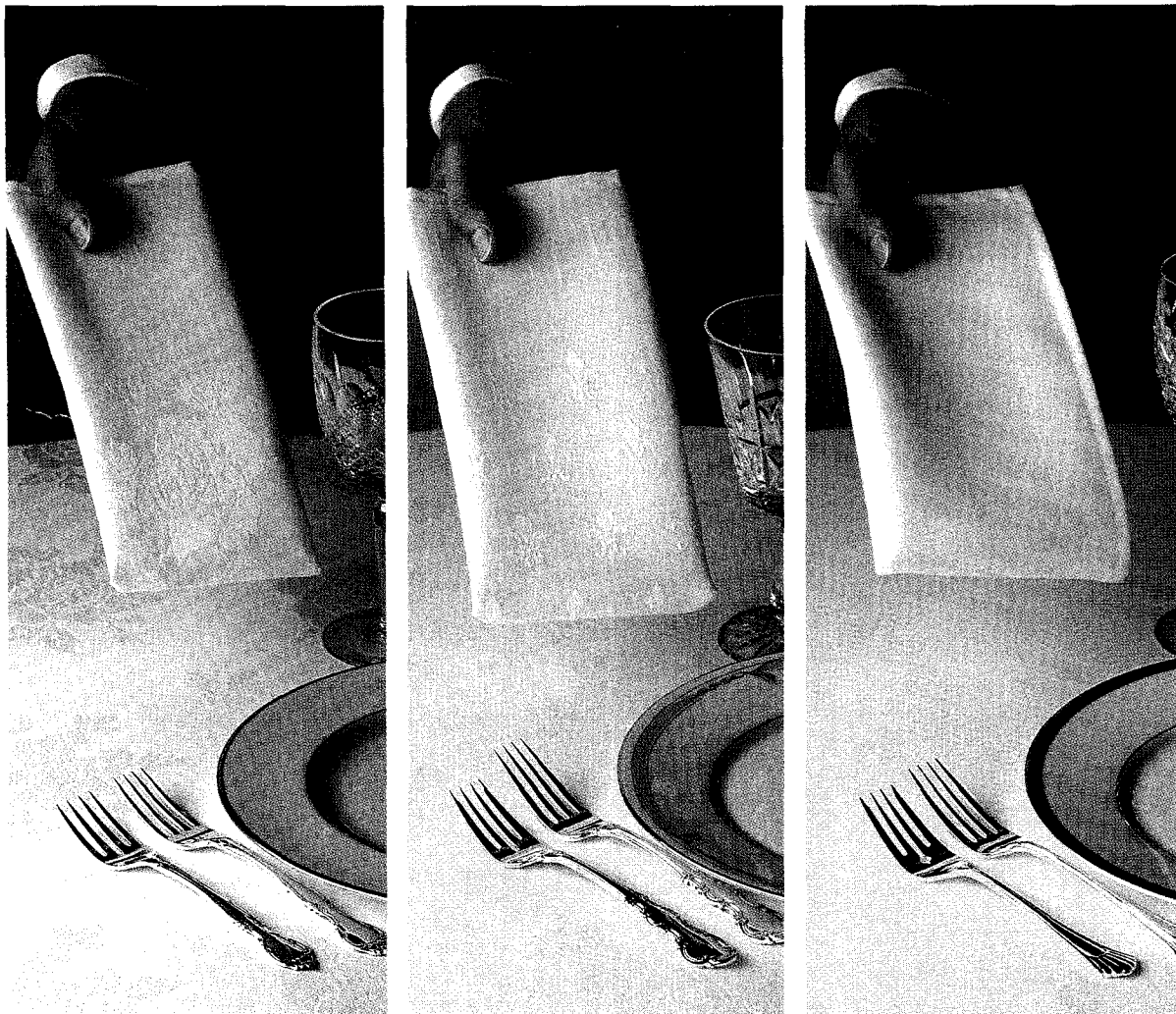
- K. Tower of London guard B E E F E A T E R
21 105 172 33 88 128 74 150 63
- L. Free U N T E T H E R E D
147 37 54 154 103 18 130 167 3 98
- M. Society's dregs R I F F R A F S
134 29 77 131 6 180 109 156
- N. Foolishness N O N S E N S E
108 132 89 153 45 30 137 10
- O. Complete I N T A C T
166 47 116 19 67 101
- P. Lunchtime N O O N D A Y
143 49 34 71 86 158 119
- Q. Eerie G H O S T L Y
52 75 164 95 36 118 7
- R. Doing a mathematician's job I N T E R P O L A T I N G
122 146 112 64 32 99 16 127 94 81
50 177 1
- S. Glowed S H O N E
80 44 141 114 22
- T. Quaked S H O O K
144 96 55 24 160
- U. Complete W H O L E
113 140 90 76 133
- V. Overjoyed E C S T A T I C
40 159 15 91 115 68 161 23

1 R	2 A	3 L	4 E	5 H	6 M	7 Q		8 I	9 F	10 N		11 J	12 C	13 G	14 H	15 V	16 R	17 B		18 L	19 O
G	R	E	G	O	R	Y		L	E	E		J	O	H	N	S	O	N		H	A
20 J		21 K	22 S	23 V	24 T	25 I	26 F		27 B		28 G	29 M	30 N	31 A	32 R		33 K	34 P	35 J	36 Q	37 L
S		B	E	R	O	M	E		A		M	I	N	O	R		F			T	N
38 D	39 H	40 V		41 B	42 D		43 J	44 S	45 N		46 E	47 Q	48 A	49 P	50 R	51 H	52 Q		53 G	54 L	55 T
O	T	E		I	N		T	H	E		O	N	G	O	I	N	G		S	A	O
56 F	57 I		58 J	59 E		60 G	61 B	62 A		63 K	64 R	65 J	66 D	67 Q	68 V	69 H	70 C	71 P		72 I	73 E
R	Y		O	F		T	H	E		R	E	D	U	C	T	I	O	N		O	F
	74 K	75 Q	76 U		77 M	78 J	79 G	80 S	81 R		82 D	83 A	84 B	85 C	86 P	87 F	88 K	89 N	90 U		91 V
	T	H	E		F	I	R	S	T		A	M	E	N	D	M	E	N	T		T
92 E		93 C	94 R	95 Q	96 T	97 J	98 L		99 R	100 I	101 Q	102 A	103 L	104 J	105 K	106 F		107 B	108 N	109 M	110 I
O		M	A	E	H	E	D		P	O	T	A	T	O	E	S		U	N	F	O
111 D	112 R	113 U	114 S	115 V	116 O	117 J	118 Q	119 P		120 D	121 H		122 R	123 B		124 F	125 A	126 G		127 R	128 K
R	T	U	N	A	T	E	L	Y		I	T		I	S		T	O	O		L	A
129 C	130 L		131 M	132 N	133 U		134 M	135 H	136 B	137 N	138 E	139 D		140 U	141 S		142 G	143 P	144 T	145 D	146 R
T	E		F	O	R		R	E	A	S	O	N		F	O		I	N	S	I	N
147 L	148 C	149 B	150 K		151 H	152 D	153 N	154 L	155 J	156 M		157 I	158 P	159 V	160 T		161 V	162 H	163 I	164 Q	
V	A	T	E		I	T	S	E	L	F		B	A	C	K		I	N	T	O	
165 E	166 O	167 L	168 H	169 F		170 B	171 A	172 K	173 J	174 G	175 D	176 F	177 R	178 C		179 F	180 M	181 G			
F	I	R	S	T		A	M	E	N	D	M	E	N	T		L	A	W			

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. See page 53 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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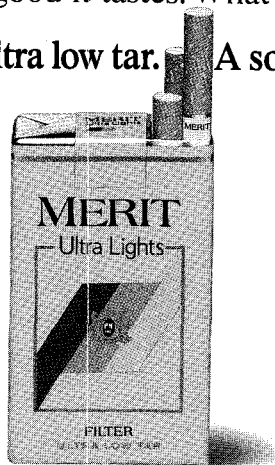
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